The Outlook

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KEEPING THE NEGRO IN POLITICS

In the Senate of the United States last week a proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution to grant the suffrage to women received a majority vote. It was but a majority of one, however, and as a resolution amending the Constitution requires a two-thirds vote, this proposed amendment did not pass.

Taking advantage of the submission of this resolution to the Senate, Senator Vardaman, of Mississippi, proposed an amendment to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution, and thus to take the right of suffrage away from Negroes. In favor of the Vardaman amendment there were actually nineteen votes cast, almost all by Senators from Southern States. Then a second amendment was offered by Senator Williams, also of Mississippi, which provided that woman suffrage should be restricted to white women. This received twenty-one votes, mainly Southern.

Perhaps these two amendments to the resolution ought not to be taken seriously. However much honest difference of opinion there may be as to the wisdom of having granted the suffrage to Negroes indiscriminately in the first place, there is no intelligent expectation that a repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment will ever be submitted to the States; and no expectation, intelligent or otherwise, that, if submitted to the States, it would ever be accepted by three-fourths of them. There can be only one purpose in such an amendment—it is to keep the Negro question acute in politics for the sake of reaping partisan advantage. It is an ominous sign for the future of the South that nineteen Senators should think it politically expedient to make this appeal to the prejudices of their constituents. The South has been beset with great difficulties in its attempts to maintain orderly government in spite of a great mass of ignorant Negro voters, and has deserved applause from the whole country for the honest attempts to restrict the suffrage to those who are intelligent enough to learn to read, thrifty enough to accumulate some property, and public-spirited enough to pay their taxes; but no Southern State can profit by the attempts of politicians to keep party spirit alive by keeping the Negro question in politics.

ULSTER AN ARMED CAMP

Sir Edward Carson is the leader in the British Parliament of the Ulster Unionists, the people in Ireland who do not want Home Rule. Last week he arrived in Belfast. Before landing he received on board the steamship on which he had made the passage from England Sir George Richardson, a retired Lieutenant-General of the British army, now Commander-in-Chief of the Ulster Unionist forces, which have been banded to oppose Home Rule, if enacted into law, by force. On the dock there was drawn up a guard of honor from the Ulster Volunteers. A big crowd gave them a noisy welcome, firing salutes into the air from their revolvers. Automobiles had been kept busy moving stores and documents from the Unionist headquarters, apparently fearing a raid by the police. Instructions were sent to despatch reinforcements immediately to the garrison stations in Ulster, and some of these arrived last week. What is the meaning of all this?

Ulster, the northernmost of the four Irish provinces, has nine counties. Moved by the banding together of nearly a hundred thousand Ulstermen in an armed force, Mr. Asquith, the British Prime Minister, proposed that the nine counties should be permitted to vote separately on the question whether they should be left out for six years from the control of the new Irish Government.

Mr. Bonar Law, the Opposition leader, says that if Ulster is not to be driven from the United Kingdom against her will at the end of six years the Unionists will accept this as a basis of discussion. If, however, it means that at the end of six years the people of

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Ulster are to be brought automatically under the power of the Dublin Parliament against their will, the Unionists will reject it. In any case, he added, the Unionists would abide by an expression of the will of all the people of the United Kingdom on the Home Rule Bill and the local option proposal. He distinctly promised that if the result of such a referendum was in favor of the bill as amended by the local option proposal the Unionists would do nothing against putting the will of the people into operation completely and without delay. But if, he concluded, the Government refused to follow this course, it could only be because it thought the question might possibly be settled by "bullets rather than by votes." This reference, as reported, was, of course, to the large number of men who have pledged themselves to resist, by force if necessary, the imposition in Ulster of the Home Rule Bill should it be enacted into law. The Opposition leader concluded, as reported:

> If it is only a question of disorder, the army will and ought to obey; but if it is a question of civil war, the soldiers are citizens like the rest of the people. The army will be divided and that force be destroyed on which we depend for our national safety.

In reply Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, said that, while the Government took note of the proposition for a referendum, there would be no coercion of Ulster. He expressed his belief, however, that in his proposal lay the only hope of a lasting settlement.

Newspaper comment takes a wide range, from the extreme Unionist press, which declares that blood will flow in Ireland unless the Government recedes, to the extreme Nationalist press, which declares that the leader of the Opposition glories in openly preaching sedition. Meanwhile the able and resourceful Premier remains in power despite all attempts to dislodge him.

THE MURDER OF GASTON CALMETTE

Two recent events in Paris have focused general attention on that city. The first was a more than ordinarily theatrical duel. The second event was the murder of Gaston Calmette, the editor of "Le Figaro."

M. Calmette was killed by Madame Caillaux, the wife of the French Minister of Finance in the present Doumergue Cabinet. For a long time "Figaro" had been full of accusation and denunciation of the Finance Minister; he was charged with graft and political corruption. As he had also brought about the downfall of Premier Barthou, the friend of M. Calmette, M. Caillaux had incurred the hatred of M. Calmette both personally and politically.

"Figaro's" most recent disclosure was the publication of a letter written by M. Caillaux to his present wife at a time when she was the wife of another. The letter contained a passage which indicated that, though ostensibly supporting the principle of an income tax, M. Caillaux was secretly opposed to it. The letter was published as showing the Minister's insincerity. Perhaps M. Calmette's motive in publishing the letter was wholly political. But the letter was written in terms which might be construed as compromising the person to whom it was written. Madame Caillaux resented the sacrifice of her reputation in order to make political capital. Doubtless half-crazed, she took the law into her own hands and killed M. Calmette. Perhaps she thought that she was helping her husband; at all events, she is reported to have said so.

M. Caillaux's resignation from the Cabinet followed instantly. He has been the chief member of the present Cabinet. Two years ago he was Prime Minister. His Ministry was followed by that of M. Poincaré, the present President of France. M. Caillaux, however, remained a force to be reckoned with, and finally, upsetting the Barthou Cabinet, returned to power, not as Premier—the President apparently not being willing to intrust the whole Cabinet to his hands—but as Minister of Finance.

Duels and murders happen in other countries besides France. And in other countries some people prominent in politics and society commit crimes. When a Cabinet member is involved, the event, of course, attracts special note and comment. But those who know French history and remember how solidly the present Republic is established will not be misled by sensational press reports into thinking that this tragic occurrence is typical of French politics and French life.

A CHANGE IN THE RUSSIAN MINISTRY

V. N. Kokovtsof, who succeeded Count Witte as Minister of Finance in 1906, and who became Premier shortly after the assassination of Stolypin in 1911, has at last been forced to resign both positions and go

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into retirement. His overthrow is attributed partly to intrigues of powerful enemies, partly to dissensions in the Ministerial Council, over which he presided, and partly to his recent defeat in the Council of the Empire (the upper house of Parliament), where he was outvoted on an important provision of the pending Temperance Bill.

All of these causes were doubtless operative, but they might not have been fatal to Mr. Kokovtsof if the Czar's attention had not recently been drawn to the evils of the vodka monopoly. Vodka is a kind of whisky or brandy distilled from rye, but sometimes from potatoes, and is dispensed solely by the Government. The Emperor also wanted so to readjust the financial Budget as to get from other sources a part at least of the revenue now derived from the sale of intoxicating liquor. Mr. Kokovtsof was not the author of the Government drink monopoly, but he had based his financial policy largely upon it, and had made it yield almost twice as much revenue as it was producing when he took it in hand. He had thus avoided deficits, and had increased the so-called "free balance" in the treasury by hundreds of millions of rubles, without imposing any new and burdensome taxes. Incidentally, however, he had demoralized and impoverished the population by selling to it annually almost a billion rubles' worth of vodka (289,000,000 gallons) in 1913. In other words, he had made a brilliant financial showing at the expense of the nation's health and prosperity.

Recognizing at last an evil which had long been apparent to political economists in Russia, the Czar decided upon a readjustment of the Budget and a change of financial policy. He probably thought that the desired reform would have a better chance of success if planned and carried out by a new man than if intrusted to the Minister who was largely responsible for the evils of the old system. He therefore removed Mr. Kokovtsof and appointed as Minister of Finance a comparatively little-known official named P. L. Bark, who had once been director of the Volga-Kama Bank, and who at the time of his promotion was Associate Minister of Trade and Industry.

THE VODKA MONOPOLY

In the Imperial rescripts addressed to the incoming and outgoing Finance Ministers respectively, the policy of the Government for the last ten years is presented from two widely different points of view. In the first the Czar compliments Mr. Kokovtsof on his ability as a financier; congratulates him on his success in making financial ends meet without a deficit; commends him for increasing the free treasury balance "by an unprecedented amount;" and confers upon him the title of Count as a recognition of his distinguished services. In the second his Imperial Majesty calls Mr. Bark's attention to the evils of his predecessor's policy; deplores the tendency to make the welfare of the nation subordinate to the interests of the exchequer; and directs the new Minister to reform and readjust a Budget which has hitherto been based too largely, he says, "on the weakness, poverty, and economic distress of my beloved people."

The average reader will find some difficulty perhaps in reconciling the praise of Mr. Kokovtsof in the first rescript with the condemnation of his methods in the second; but a shrewd financier may be a bad political economist, and Mr. Kokovtsof failed as a statesman rather than as a skillful manipulator of the Budget. The "free balance" may be increased to almost any amount by pushing the sale of vodka, purposely underestimating every year the revenue to be expected from it, and then covering into the treasury annually, as "surplus not appropriated," the difference between the intentional underestimate and the sum actually realized. General Kuropatkin, in his history of the Russo-Japanese War, called attention to this method and gave figures in illustration of it.

In the opinion of the Russian Liberal press, it will be impossible to solve the problem which the Czar has set before the new Minister of Finance without making a radical and sweeping change in the political conditions of Russian life. If the sale of vodka is to be reduced, a part at least of the revenue now derived from it must be obtained from taxation in some other form, and the "inexhaustible resources of the Empire" and the "productive labor of the people" upon which the Czar relies for funds never will become available until the forces that make for personal liberty, education, enlightenment, enterprise, and social co-operation are freed from the political restraints that now hamper or completely obstruct them. Readjustments of the Budget will be of no avail unless the taxpaying power of the people is increased, and the prosperity upon which taxpaying ability depends never will come to an ignorant,

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oppressed, despotically ruled, and police-ridden population.

PREMIER GOREMYKIN

I. L. Goremykin, who succeeds Count Kokovtsof as President of the Russian Council of Ministers, is a veteran official, seventy-five years of age, who has served the Czar in many and varied capacities. When Premier Witte's power was broken by the forces of reaction in 1906, Goremykin succeeded him, and was in turn succeeded by Stolypin, when the Czar determined to dissolve the First Duma and disregard the promises that he had made in the Freedom Manifesto.

Goremykin is now an actual Privy Councilor, a Senator, and a member of the upper house in the Russian Parliament. He has long been regarded as an expert in peasant affairs, and if the Czar seriously intends to improve the economic condition of the peasant class he may regard Goremykin as a useful co-worker.

It is the general impression, however, in St. Petersburg that the appointment is a temporary one, and that Goremykin will soon be succeeded by a younger and more forceful man.

A REACTIONARY MINISTER

The Russian Minister of Public Instruction, Mr. Kasso, became involved a few weeks ago in a tragic domestic scandal, which would seem to make his removal imperative. But any well-ordered Government would have removed him long ago, for he is perhaps the most arbitrary, despotic, and reactionary Minister of Public Instruction that Russia has had in many years. The Czar and his coterie of advisers, however, are in deadly fear of seditious teaching in the public schools, and they have kept him in office because he has been fearless and ruthless in stamping out liberal ideas among instructors, in keeping liberal books and periodicals out of educational libraries, in hampering or obstructing parents' committees, in restricting the admission of Jews to schools of all grades, and in driving liberal professors out of the universities.

More than a hundred and fifty professorships are now vacant in the higher educational institutions of the Empire, and there is serious public discussion of the question whether it is not expedient and practicable to establish a Russian university in Germany, Switzerland, or France, where Russian professors and students will not be subject to police control and to the savage and relentless persecution of such Ministers as Kasso.

RUMORS FROM MEXICO

News rumors rather than news itself marked the Mexican situation last week. One rumor (unconfirmed) was that Huerta had sent his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor José y Rojas, to reopen negotiations with Mr. John Lind, looking to a diplomatic reconciliation with the United States. Of battle rumors there were many and conflicting ones. The Federal and insurgent forces about Torreon have engaged in those skirmishes and minor engagements which are the military method of "feeling out" an opponent before joining battle. Whether the long-predicted attack on Torreon and a possibly decisive battle between Villa and the Federal generals will take place at once is, as we write, a matter of doubt; both sides last week seemed to be waiting an attack each from the other.

But the most extraordinary rumor was that which affirmed that the result of the inquiries into William S. Benton's death made by Mr. Perceval, the British Consul, and by Carranza's commission was known at Washington. Mr. Perceval's report, this rumor alleges, will say that Benton was stabbed to death in Villa's office; Carranza's commission, that Benton was shot on a train between Juarez and Chihuahua by Major Fieno, in whose custody Benton was at the time. The extraordinary thing about these reports is that both would give the lie to Villa's story that Benton was shot after a formal court martial. If that story is untrue, then the elaborate report of the court martial sent to Washington after Benton's death, with names of judges and witnesses, was a barefaced forgery!

MR. GEORGE

In an editorial in its issue of March 21 The Outlook commented upon the findings of the committee which investigated the affairs of the George Junior Republic at Freeville, New York, and the action taken upon their report by the trustees of the Freeville institution and the directors of the National Association of Junior Republics. In its comment The Outlook stated that Mr. George had been retained as a member of the Board

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of Directors of the National Association. Mr. George has also been retained as National Director of the Association of Junior Republics, a position which will give to him both opportunity and authority to carry out in the fullest measure his ideas for the promotion of self-government among minors.

In connection with this it is interesting to note that, when Mr. George returned to Freeville after the vote of confidence passed by his trustees and fellow-directors, the boys and girls of the Republic made of his ride home a triumphal progress, drawing his sleigh with their own hands over the mile of road lying between the station and his house.

A statement which The Outlook has received from a group of ex-citizens of the Junior Republic now living in Boston may be taken, we think, as typical of the feeling among the graduates of the Republic towards "Daddy" George. This statement treats of what the three judges—Justice Seabury, Miss Wald, and Mr. Choate—appointed by the trustees of the Freeville Republic regarded as unpardonable indiscretion on the part of Mr. George. We publish this statement in part below. The Outlook, while believing that Mr. George's usefulness as the head of any particular Juvenile Republic is ended, is glad to take this opportunity of again expressing its confidence and faith in his moral integrity. The Outlook's view of the situation was fully discussed in our issue of March 21.

Gentlemen: We take exception to a portion of the verdict which states that Mr. George "treats the young women there among the citizens as children, and according to his whim and caprice, without regard to the rules and usages of common life and civilized society."

We appreciate the fact that the judges have given their verdict according to the evidence which they had, and while we do not wish to criticise them in the least, still we do want to say that, as ex-citizens of the Junior Republic, we understand conditions there, and we absolutely know that such is not the case. "Daddy" George treats both the boys and the girls in the Republic as his own, and they, in turn, regard him in the light of a father, and we are sure that if the eminent judges could visit Freeville and could see "Daddy" and the young people in their relations to each other, they would not have made so severe a statement.

We also wish to go on record as stating that we have every confidence in Mr. George. We think that he is a victim of circumstances of which his enemies have taken complete advantage. It is our earnest wish that Mr. George may occupy once more his rightful position with all the confidence and authority which he has enjoyed both in the Republic and in the minds of all right-thinking people. He is our ideal of what a man should be.

Were it possible to put this in the form of a petition, hundreds of ex-citizens from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast would gladly affix their signatures.

CONCERNING SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

In a recent editorial on the merger between Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, The Outlook criticised Syracuse University because of its activity in asking for and securing State aid in the establishment of a Forestry School upon its campus, and contrasted the public-spirited policy of the two Massachusetts institutions with the self-interested policy of Syracuse University. Without regard to whether the State School of Forestry, placed at Syracuse, is in itself an efficient institution or not, we believe that its establishment was a waste of State funds, and that the efforts of Syracuse to secure its endowment were made without due regard for the needs of New York State or the profession of forestry as a whole. The responsibility for this affair rests, of course, not only upon Syracuse, but upon the Legislature and the Governor that permitted the granting of State money for such a purpose.

New York State has had for some years past a highly efficient College of Agriculture at Ithaca. All funds which the State has to spare for the teaching of forestry should be applied where they can be most effectively utilized, namely, in connection with the allied courses necessarily given at this State College of Agriculture. So used, they can be controlled and administered by men whose life-work has placed them in the closest touch with the agricultural interests of the State. At this college a Department of Forestry, which can readily be developed to supply all future forestry needs of New York, is already in existence. The State of New York needs two schools of forestry about as much, if we may quote David Harum's Aunt Polly, "as a cat needs a flag." What the Syracuse school costs the State may be judged by the fact that this last year, the third of its existence, the Syracuse Forestry School asked for a maintenance fund more than three times as large as is required by the Yale School of Forestry, reputed to be the oldest and perhaps the strongest insti-

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tution of its kind in America. The second year of its existence it received from the State a maintenance appropriation greater by $20,000 than the total income of the institution at Yale. These statements are made on the authority of the New York "Tribune Farmer."

Our criticism of Syracuse University called forth, as was quite natural, several letters of protest from the authorities and friends of that University. A letter we have just received from the Secretary of the Board of Trustees we herewith publish, because it gives us an opportunity to restate our position in regard to Syracuse and to correct the impression that our criticism was made without a careful study of the situation. The publication of Mr. Thompson's letter may serve also to set at rest a third criticism which has been made in regard to our attitude towards Syracuse.

EDITORS OR CENSORS?

Mr. Thompson writes:

There are times when your attitude toward Syracuse University makes The Outlook decidedly unpleasant reading. In The Outlook the latter part of January you referred to the merger of the School of Technology of Harvard University and the Boston School of Technology, commending their spirit, and then, by way of contrast, cited Syracuse University as an illustration of the narrow spirit too often found among colleges and universities, as seen in the founding of the State College of Forestry here. Your statement was most unwarranted, and the Dean of the College of Forestry sent you a detailed explanation, calling your attention to the events leading up to the founding of the college. While you give full credence to the statements of the other side, you have refused to give any place in the columns of The Outlook to the statement of Dean Baker. In your issue of February 28 you arraign most severely the Associated Press for not allowing Mr. Stimson to set himself right with the public by use of the papers they controlled, and you opened the columns of The Outlook for his denial. In closing the article you say: "In this instance the editors of the Associated Press ventured to pigeonhole an important announcement made by a Cabinet official, for the reason that they personally did not regard this announcement as advantageous to the Cabinet Minister. *This was not a case of editorship but of impertinent censorship.*"

Out of your own mouth are you not condemned—yea, is not your condemnation the greater, since you published the statement that was untrue concerning Syracuse University, while the Associated Press, which you arraign so severely, disclaims all responsibility for the statement derogatory to Mr. Stimson?

We shall make it plain through a weekly publication as reputable as The Outlook that you are guilty of the same offense you condemn in others, as you have suppressed a statement that in all fairness should have been given to the public to offset in a measure the harm that your very unkind and ungenerous reference may do Syracuse University.

D. B. THOMPSON,
Secretary of the Board of Trustees.
Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York.

The parallel which Mr. Thompson attempts to draw seems to us no parallel at all. In the case of the Associated Press the charge was that an opportunity for denying a misquotation was not granted. The case of Syracuse University *versus* The Outlook concerns solely a matter of editorial opinion. Dean Baker's letter did not convince us that we were wrong, and therefore we declined to withdraw from the critical position we had assumed. Our letter to Dean Baker was exhaustive enough to show that we had given the matter careful attention. Our editorial opinion on this question was not based, as Mr. Thompson seems to infer, on "inside information" from Cornell, but on an impartial examination of the whole subject from three standpoints:

1. What are the forestry needs of New York State?

2. How can these needs be most economically satisfied?

3. What is the attitude which those whom we have reason to regard as honest and competent observers have taken towards the Syracuse School of Forestry?

The information upon which our opinion was based is readily accessible to any one who cares to look for it. On the first of the above questions there has been an adequate presentation of facts in the "Forestry Quarterly," a technical journal which numbers Dean Baker himself among its editors. Both this first question and the next we necessarily considered in relation to the existence of a State College of Agriculture at Cornell and the general needs of our farming population throughout the State. The attitude of close students of the situation can be in general fairly judged by the editorial expression of such an unbiased and authoritative journal as the "Rural New Yorker," by the views of the Tribune Farmer," or again by the action

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of such an organization as the New York State Grange. It is not a correction of facts that Mr. Thompson desires, but a reversal of opinion. The Outlook has never closed its pages to the former. The exclusion of Dean Baker's letter from the pages of this journal comes, we are convinced, under the head of "editorship" and not "impertinent censorship."

A WORKING BISHOP

At the service last October at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, which opened the session of the Convention of the Episcopal Church, two voices filled the great church in which, as a rule, no one can be heard from the altar. The voices were those of Bishop Tuttle, of Missouri, the Presiding Bishop, and of Bishop Scarborough, of New Jersey. Bishop Tuttle is seventy-seven years old; Bishop Scarborough died last week at the age of eighty-three.

John Scarborough was a remarkable example of prolonged vigor. In the discharge of his episcopal duties he had steadily declined assistance, and his death was the result of exposure during the recent blizzard.

He was an active working bishop. A graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, and of the General Theological Seminary of New York, his first pastoral experience was in Troy; whence he was called to the rectorship of a small parish in Poughkeepsie, New York; seven years later he became the rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburgh. In 1875 he was ordained Bishop of New Jersey.

One of his chief characteristics is indicated by the familiar name which was sometimes used in Church circles—"Honest John." He stood four-square to all the winds of heaven; a man of resolute purpose, clear head, human sympathies, and great power. In the councils of the Episcopal Church his good sense and sound judgment had weight; while his devotion to the interests of poor and neglected people gained for him wide influence among many to whom the Church does not usually appeal. It was his deep conviction that the prime need of the world is the need of religion interpreted in forms of practical service that filled him with this missionary spirit. He was a builder of churches. He used the pulpit always to define Christian standards and enforce Christian duties.

His manner was simple and direct, and he used the vernacular of his day. Although not an eloquent preacher, he was a peculiarly effective one; and his solidity of character and loyalty of nature evoked warm attachments—warmest among those who knew him best.

A FIRE: ITS GAIN AND ITS LOSS

The girls of Wellesley College have erected a fine monument to their college by their conduct in the fire which destroyed the main building on the 17th of March. Two hundred and fifty girls and about a hundred others, some members of the faculty and some maids, gathered together while the building was burning and waited quietly while the roll was called; then the eight who were missing at the roll-call and were still in the smoke-filled building were roused and brought to safety without panic or hysteria. The time was so brief and the danger so imminent that the girls were unable to save any of their belongings, and many of them were compelled to leave without time even to put on wraps or clothing. Not a life was lost, not a person injured. Such an experience bears splendid testimony to the discipline of the College and to the habit of self-control which it has inspired.

Perhaps it is a provincial patriotism which inspires the reflection, but we doubt whether in any other nationality three hundred and fifty girls and women would have met so imminent a peril and confronted so awful a possible tragedy with such a spirit of quiet and self-controlled heroism.

The loss to Wellesley College is estimated by the reporters at nearly a million dollars. Although the building was as fully insured as experts would allow, much less than half of the loss will be covered by insurance; but there are some elements in the loss which Wellesley has suffered which money could not wholly repair.

All colleges might well learn a lesson from what might easily have been an awful tragedy, and erect for all future dormitories fire-proof structures.

Wellesley College was founded by Henry F. Durant, and first opened for students in 1875. It was the ideal of Mr. Durant, a wealthy lawyer of Boston, to provide college education for girls of moderate means, and in doing so to surround them with objects of beauty in their daily life which would exert a cultural influence upon them.

Whoever entered the main building of

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Wellesley, which has now been destroyed, found himself in a broad hall or rotunda, in the center of which was a palm garden kept perpetually fresh and green. At one side of this palm garden was a statue of heroic size of Miss Martineau. On another page in this issue is a picture of this entrance hall and palm garden, together with a view of the building as seen from the lake. The palm garden was known as the College Hall Center, and it was here that the undergraduates were accustomed to gather for cheering on special occasions. Here, near the railing on the second floor, hung a valuable bell known as the "fire bell." Opening out of this hall was a moderate-sized parlor, furnished with much taste, containing a bust of Mrs. Browning, with some other memorials of her, including, if we remember aright, some autographs. This was known as the Browning Room. A little distance from this central hall, with a transverse hall running the length of the building in a wing opening out from it, were the library on the first floor and the chapel on the second, the latter containing a memorial window to the daughter of Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts. Student gatherings were held in this chapel, class meetings, student government meetings, etc. Nearly opposite this wing was a faculty parlor, where the faculty were accustomed to meet guests of the college for after-dinner coffee. There was in Mr. Durant's time no picture gallery, but some fine pictures hung upon the walls of the great hall, where they were daily observed by the continually passing students. In the "Center" was Elihu Vedder's "Cumæan Sibyl." Wellesley has for some time outgrown the original chapel and library, the latter having been converted into a reading-room.

Money may replace the main building with a better structure, but it can hardly replace the art treasures, and certainly not the associations connected with them. Wellesley College, which is an institution National in influence and constituency, ought by this time to have friends sufficient in number and in wealth to do all that money can do to replace what fire has destroyed.

A PUBLIC DEFENDER

Not long ago, in commenting on the case of a man named Schwitofsky, sentenced to prison in New York for twenty years on conviction for crimes which, it is now believed, he did not commit, The Outlook approved the suggestion that an official public defender should be appointed. Such an officer, who should, of course, be a trained and skilled lawyer, would, we said, defend poor and helpless criminals just as the District Attorney defends society against the criminal. Reference was then made to the existence of such an official in California. The Outlook has since obtained full information from California, and presents the facts briefly both as forming a significant part of current history and as an example which may well be followed generally.

Under a provision of the new charter of Los Angeles County, Mr. Walter J. Wood has been made Public Defender. He has had four lawyers assisting him, as well as a clerical force. His aid to those who cannot pay counsel extends to civil as well as criminal cases and to the prosecution of claims under one hundred dollars, as well as to defense against harassing litigation. No fees may be charged by the Public Defender. In the first month of operation the work was about equally divided between civil and criminal cases. Apart from court proceedings, the need of a competent and trustworthy adviser for the poor has been abundantly shown.

The value of such a Public Defender has been clearly stated by Mr. Wood, who is the first person in the country, we believe, to hold such an office. In a published account of his work and policy he says:

> From time immemorial the Government has provided an attorney to prosecute cases against persons accused of crime, and a judge or jury to make decisions; but no proper provision has been made for an attorney to present the side of the accused. It is true that courts appoint members of the bar to defend the poor, without compensation or for a nominal fee, but such appointments generally fall to youthful and inexperienced lawyers, or in many cases to attorneys who chance to be in the court-room at the moment of arraignment. It is not fair to the attorneys to be called upon to work without compensation, and it is not fair to the accused to be compelled to stand trial under such circumstances. A person accused of crime should have just as able and industrious an advocate to represent him as the Government provides for the purpose of prosecuting him. . . .
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> The calls for the services of the Public Defender in civil matters have already become so numerous as to make the office a veritable legal

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county hospital. The amount for which we are allowed to sue is small, but the small claims for wages and the like are more important to the poor than are large claims to the wealthy. We are able to adjust many such claims without action at court and can bring about quick results.

This interesting experiment in Los Angeles is well worth watching. The prevalent feeling that the courts are for the rich and that the poor cannot get justice because of the law's cost and the law's delay has too much truth in it to be ignored.

THE ST. PAUL POLICE

Last autumn, as The Outlook reported, a mass-meeting was held in St. Paul to express indignation with the police system of that city. As a result, the Grand Jury indicted the Chief of Police and one of the principal detectives for graft. They were convicted of having accepted graft from women of the underworld and were sentenced to the State Prison. The money was paid, of course, for police protection.

The incident shows not only the altogether too common police custom of sharing in the profits from vice, but also shows that one important community has now shaken off the lethargy which had bound it for years. The Outlook reported the awakening of the citizens of St. Paul, not only because of the benefit that St. Paul was going to receive, but also because the incident would have emphatic effect in other communities, because it would warn the police of other cities, and especially because it would strengthen the hands of public prosecutors everywhere, just as the results in New York City, under Mr. Whitman, have done. As the Duluth "News-Tribune" says:

> St. Paul has been fortunate in having a county attorney who stood above personal pressure, and from the first used all his resources and ability to uncover the "system." It has been fortunate in having citizens who furnished the funds to secure the evidence. It has been fortunate in having as its personal representative such a man as Hugh Halbert, who did not shrink from taking upon himself the burden of hostility of all the combined forces of evil.

In St. Paul, as in New York, the "go-betweens" have now revealed the fact, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that prostitution on the one hand and police protection on the other are two halves of a whole. Where one is found the other is inevitable. To root out prostitution every community must first root out police protection.

THE LAW'S DELAY IN NEW YORK

The other day a poor Italian in New York City's "Little Italy" stole a bottle of milk from a doorstep. He was arrested by a policeman who had seen the theft and was arraigned before a city magistrate on a charge of larceny. Through an interpreter the Italian pleaded guilty. Investigation showed, however, that he had stolen the milk to save himself and his two small and motherless children from starvation. Nevertheless, under the antiquated system of legal red tape that governs such cases in the metropolis, the magistrate did not have power to dispose of the poor Italian's case, but was forced to commit him to jail pending trial before the Court of Special Sessions.

Before the Italian's case had come up on the crowded court calendar his two children had died and had been buried.

Such cases are common in New York, where the law's delay is perhaps even greater than it was in the state of Denmark in Hamlet's time. Not only was the Italian made to suffer unnecessarily, but the taxpayers were forced to pay for his maintenance in prison for a number of days, when he might have been discharged on the spot and the lives of his children been saved had the magistrate held the power that he ought to hold.

New York City is behind most other parts of the country in this regard. Elsewhere, as a rule, a justice of the peace has alone the power that in New York is divided between a magistrate and a judge of Special Sessions. There is now before the Legislature of the State a bill to put Manhattan abreast of the times so far as the treatment of minor criminal cases is concerned. This bill, introduced by Senator Patten, would merge the Court of Special Sessions with the magistrates' courts to constitute one board of city magistrates under a chief magistrate to be appointed by the Mayor. Each one of these magistrates would have power to dispose of all cases of misdemeanors except where the prisoner or the District Attorney requested that the case be tried before three magistrates sitting jointly. The bill, which would

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save the time and money of prosecutor, prisoner, and public alike, without any impairment of the machinery of justice, has the support of the Charity Organization Society, most of the city magistrates, and the city administration. It should be passed.

A REMARKABLE FARM MANAGER

The enthusiasm for the "back to the land movement" has one danger: it may lead some of those who have proved to be incompetent in the city to believe that they can be competent in the country. It takes much brain and some capital to make a success of an abandoned or run-down farm. Most of the stories of exceptional success with abnormal farm problems are simply demonstrations of the truth of this statement.

Therefore in reporting the story, which we have just received from a correspondent in the West, of the remarkable attainments of a woman on a Texas farm, we frankly admit that it is not typical but exceptional. For that reason it is all the more creditable to the woman concerned.

Mrs. Lucile Ferlet is a Virginian by parentage, but she was born in Bastrop, Texas, in the heart of the cattle range, and was bred to the saddle and the camp-fire. Her marriage established her in San Antonio, where her husband prospered in a printing and publishing business; but prosperity could not wean her from a longing for ripening crops of her own. Finally, yielding to her urgency, Mr. Ferlet sold out his business and gave his wife twelve hundred dollars with which to buy a farm. She immediately began her search, having in mind as the essential feature a good supply of water for irrigation. Soon she heard of a tract of sixty-two and one-half acres in southern New Mexico upon which the Rio Grande River was making such rapid encroachments that the frightened owners were anxious to sell even at a low price. The city of Anthony, in which is situated the State Agricultural College, is but two miles away, and small mining towns were springing up in the vicinity, which seemed to promise a market for produce. If the Rio Grande could be controlled, the opportunity was golden. Mrs. Ferlet discovered that the tumultuous river had digressed one mile from its course, owing to the fact that the old cut-off was choked and its original bed filled with débris. Well, why not reconduct it to its lawful premises? She borrowed from a bank part of the purchase price, paid it down, and went to work. First she endeavored to interest the community in the depredations which threatened all the surrounding country and the city of Anthony itself, but she met with the usual stupid lack of community feeling. Even the perspicacity of selfishness was not present at first to aid her. Little by little, however, interest was aroused, and men offered their teams and their labor. Mrs. Ferlet rode the line of work day after day, and finally the river was led back into its lawful channel.

She took possession of her farm in the midsummer of 1910. Her sixty acres of alfalfa had been so neglected as to be almost worthless for hay, but she sold the seed for $1,600, and then the hay for $746. She now gets five cuttings each year from sixty-eight acres of alfalfa, reaping a profit on it of $5,000. This legume is dependable even in dry seasons. She has a quarter of an acre in garden truck, and specializes in onions. She raises corn for her stock, and is beginning to specialize also in fruits. She reserves an acre and a quarter for experiments, one of the most successful of which has been Mexican June corn.

In the spring of 1915 the Elephant Butte Dam, now building eighty-one miles above Las Cruces, will hold a storage of water sufficient to irrigate 110,000 acres in the valleys of southern New Mexico. Mrs. Ferlet's farm will increase in productiveness when this control of the Rio Grande is complete.

Mrs. Ferlet's economic principles are interesting. She buys the best implements and the best animals, and pays wages which are not only just but enticing, securing in this way the most expert help. She goes into the fields herself to direct the labor, and says that she increases her income at least fifteen hundred dollars a year by her personal watchfulness and urgency.

Her slogan is, "Come and neighbor with us." She seeks to encourage the growth, not only of crops, but also of vigorous men and women who will develop powers of leadership. She is urging agricultural colleges to include in their curriculum courses in the marketing of produce. She stands in close relations to her State Agricultural College, in which her sons are being educated, and believes that the difficulty of keeping boys on the farm becomes non-existent where enthusiasm for farming controls the home and the children are taken into partnership.

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THE TRUST BILLS

The bills representing the purpose and programme of the Administration in dealing with trusts and monopoly have been introduced into the lower house, and the most important, the Inter-State Trade Commission Bill, has been favorably reported from committee. Changes have been made and others will follow; it is possible that the bills may be welded into one; it is quite likely that in their Senate form the bills will be framed differently; but substantially they embody the policy of the Democratic party as led by the President.

The main defect of the programme is negative. It forbids certain things, to be sure; it also establishes new machinery; but it does not deal with the situation in an administrative way. The Sherman Law and the courts are still to furnish the principles and their enforcement. Is this enough? We think not, and believe that the refusal to provide an administrative body with real power is fatal. The proposed Trade Commission is not such a body; under the bill proposed it may investigate, advise, recommend, report, warn, but not order and control. As originally framed its inquisition would affect every corporation, big or small, but public outcry has led to a limitation to business units with a capital of $5,000,000 or more, or those belonging to "any class of corporations which the Commission may make"—the last a vague and elastic provision—while restrictions have been placed on the proposed unbounded publicity of private affairs originally included. But the bill still remains inquisitorial, not administrative. Back of it is the theory that big business is bad business, and that dissolution and destruction through court orders are the only remedies. That is not the way to get at existing evil practices and to accomplish practical reform. To prevent or punish unfair competition, wrongful restraint of trade, oppression of consumers and business rivals, is what is needed rather than to wipe out of existence everything that comes within a philosophic definition of monopoly. Imagine for a minute the Inter-State Commerce Commission reduced in its powers as to railways so as to correspond with Mr. Wilson's Trade Commission! Instead of being a regulating and controlling power it would become futile and academic.

The Outlook said long ago that the people must control the great corporations or the corporations will control the people. What we have done with railway corporations we should do with other large corporations. Regulation is the key-word to the situation, but regulation that will not harass, injure, or interfere with any corporation, big or small, unless it is guilty of wrongful, unfair, or oppressive acts. This was expressed in the Progressive platform in its demand for "the establishment of a strong Federal administrative commission of high standing which shall maintain permanent, active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in inter-State commerce, or such of them as are of public importance." To quote Mr. Roosevelt on this point: "We have found by the test of actual work that the way to control the railways lies through increasing the power, and especially through increasing the application of the power, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, by regulating and controlling those railways, and not by any development of the Anti-Trust Law. Real control of the trusts can come only by the adoption of similar expedients."

In short, it is to be feared that the proposed Trade Commission would disturb and injure fair and law-abiding corporations without destroying the evil practices of bad business.

The other Administration bills attempt to meet the deficiency of existing legislation as to a few specific things—forbidding interlocking directorates and holding companies, defining expressions in the Sherman Law, and dealing with trade relations. Business sentiment recognizes that there is good in these bills, but believes that they are not now sufficiently discriminating and that it would be a great mistake to rush through legislation without mature study and ample hearings. Interlocking directorates, for instance, may be perfectly harmless; as Mr. D. R. Richberg pointed out in The Outlook last week, what is really needed is to prohibit "the destruction of competition *through* the use of interlocking directorates." Under a really administrative Trade Commission discrimination could be used to forbid the injurious practice and protect the harmless practice, in accordance with the facts in each case, and not, as in the proposed measure, by a rigid classification. Without at this stage attempting to consider the measures in detail, we may report that the Merchants Association of New York opposes the bills, not because of lack of sympathy with their general purpose, but because they would interfere with innocent and beneficial business methods and

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relationships. The Merchants Association represents large commercial and industrial interests; it holds no brief for unfair competition or evil monopoly. Indeed, it opposes the Trade Commission Bill on the ground that it fails to fulfill President Wilson's promise "of something more than the menace of legal process," and because "the definite guidance and information which can be supplied by an administrative body, an inter-State Trade Commission," which President Wilson promised, is impossible under this bill. It is significant, therefore, that this body of merchants, in the interest of sound and honest business, deprecates haste in such legislation, and urges the fullest discussion and co-operation with industrial and commercial interests.

There is justice in the prevalent feeling in the business world that there has been too much governmental interference where no real wrong had been committed—the dissolution proceedings in the case of the Southern Pacific Railway may be a case in point. The Administration will do well to shape its course in dealing with business questions so as to protect and promote well-doing as well as to punish evil-doing.

SHUSTER VERSUS SHUSTER: A DEBATE ON THE PHILIPPINES

It is not often that two sides of a question are presented with exactly equal authority. In a debate usually one side has some advantage over the other because the one who presents it knows more about his subject than his opponent, or has a more persuasive personality, or has a better command of language. It is a pity that this is so, because the better side may suffer for having the worse advocate. There is just one way in which this disadvantage can be avoided. It is by having both sides presented by the same person.

This is what has happened in the case of the Philippine question. At least we assume, and indeed have reason to believe, that the author of the article in the "Century" magazine for January entitled "Shall the Filipinos Have a Fourth of July?" is the same W. Morgan Shuster whose article on "Our Philippine Policies and Their Results" is to be found in the "Journal of Race Development," Volume I, No. 1. In the latter article, which was published in July, 1910, Mr. Shuster informs the reader that he had lived in the Philippines for nearly eight years, where he was Insular Collector of Customs and subsequently Secretary of Public Instruction and Member of the Philippine Commission. In that article he explicitly presents himself as an expert witness. As Mr. Shuster has not resided or held office in the Philippines since the writing of this article, it may be presumed that his qualifications as an expert on the Philippine question are now what they were then.

In the "Century" magazine Mr. Shuster argues for promising the Filipinos independence and for fixing a date for it in the near future. In the course of this article he vigorously, not to say venomously, attacks the past policy of the United States, which, as the sub-title of his article, "Altruism versus Profits," indicates, he ascribes to selfishness. In the other article Mr. Shuster argues for an indefinite continuance of American rule in the Philippines, vigorously, not to say venomously, attacks the proposal to provide for early independence, and declares that the past policies "are based on altruism of the highest sort."

Exact equality in presentation of two sides, however, can apparently not be secured even when both sides are argued by the same man. The article on behalf of American rule bristles with facts, while the article on behalf of independence bristles with generalizations.

SHUSTER, CON

In his "Century" article Mr. Shuster, in arguing against American rule in the Philippines, declares that our situation in the islands as self-constituted trustee is, from a moral point of view, far from satisfying. He asks the Nation to use a lancet "lest a neglected fester shortly become a putrid sore." The American people, he says, never declared their convictions about the Philippines, since the Philippine question has never been the sole question in a National election. (Mr. Shuster does not point out any question on which the American people have ever declared their conviction by making it the sole question of a Presidential election.) Our Philippine policies, he points out, have been developed under Republican Administrations. Opponents of those policies have been "in official eyes" dreamers, anti-imperialists, and demagogues. The Republican Presidents, with the exception of Mr. Taft, took up the

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subject, "as I did," already convinced that the facts would support the policies and that the Filipinos were not fit to be independent. He excuses these three Republican Presidents by saying that for Americans to believe in American superiority is only human.

He insists that the Filipinos' point of view has received but "scant attention at the hands of those heretofore responsible for our Philippine policy." He speaks with ill-concealed irony of the vague talk about the future of the Philippines. "Are they to wait calmly," asks Mr. Shuster, Con, the writer who argues against American rule as distinguished from his adversary, Mr. Shuster, Pro, who argues for American rule, "are they to wait calmly for the 'at least two generations' declared by Mr. Taft in a moment of genial expansion to be his estimate of the time necessary to fit them for national existence, or are they supinely to cease repining and leave their political future to such a fate as may be meted out to them by the unknown and even undreamed political parties and creeds which changing America may produce in the next sixty years?" To wait for two generations, Mr. Shuster, Con, believes, would, without doubt, mean the permanent connection of the islands with the United States.

Mr. Shuster, Con, asks whether we are really benefiting them, apparently not in the slightest degree suspecting that his opponent, Mr. Shuster, Pro, is ready with a great array of facts to answer him. He reminds his reader that it is not enough to make a nation into carpenters and farmers and clerks, but that it is necessary to create sentiment, patriotic faith, pride of race and country.

He asks, therefore, if the Filipinos should not be given a chance to maintain an orderly and stable government. "I think," says Mr. Shuster, Con, "I think I hear a loud chorus of noes—noes from Congress, from business men, from exporters and manufacturers, from the churchmen, from the strategists of the army and navy; menacing noes from American and foreign investors in the islands, from Philippine bondholders, from 'imperialists;' and horrified noes from St. Louis Exposition visitors who saw 'dog-eating' Igorrotes, and somehow received the impression that they were typical inhabitants of the islands." The reader must be prepared for a shock to find that in this "chorus of noes" one of the most penetrating voices belongs to Mr. Shuster, Pro.

Meantime Mr. Shuster, Con, suggests that if the Democratic party is to follow a distinct policy it will have to pass some such bill as the Jones Bill, which promises independence in 1921. The objectors to this bill Mr. Shuster, Con, classifies as follows: Republican statesmen, because of party policy; business men, avowing altruism, but guided by business interest; exporters and manufacturers, who are opposed to Philippine independence because the Filipinos might not appreciate free trade, and hence are unfit; distinguished churchmen; strategists; American investors; Philippine bondholders; imperialists; St. Louis Exposition visitors, who do not believe that the savages they saw at the Exposition should have independence; tourists who after a visit to the islands become authorities on the subject. Into which one of these categories Mr. Shuster, Con, would place Mr. Shuster, Pro, he does not state.

Though he has recently had an experience in Persia of a discouraging nature, Mr. Shuster, Con, argues for the neutralization of the islands, thus exhibiting an unexpected faith in the usefulness of joint international action in matters concerning a defenseless people.

He avers that Americans are not the demigods to the Filipinos which some may think. Let us then, he urges, have no embryonic dictators. He finds nothing to laugh at in the suggestion that the Filipinos can rule themselves because they have a governing class who know how to rule and a class who know how to obey. Indeed, Mr. Shuster, Con, seems to have a good deal of faith in the governing class in the Philippines, even to the extent of believing that by means of a gunboat and rapid-fire cannon that governing class could control the Moros.

He urges Congress to pass a resolution disclaiming territorial aggrandizement, acknowledging the right of the Filipinos to independence, and promising complete independence at the earliest practicable moment; and, second, to amend the Philippine Act so as to provide for an elective Senate. "Let Congress act," says Mr. Shuster, Con, "while the case is still undecided by the inexorable magistrate of fleeting time."

SHUSTER, PRO

Up rises Mr. Shuster, Pro, to remark that "one cannot hustle the East."

With our policies in the Philippines "no

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fair-minded man can possibly find fault," says Mr. Shuster, Pro. So far from being selfish he holds it up as a high example of unselfishness. "A more high-minded course for a great and powerful Nation to pursue towards a weak and dependent people whom the fortunes of war had cast into her hands can hardly be imagined." Judging from two elections, the American people, he believes, are in accord with these policies; "and they may well be so," he adds.

As to the Moros, which Mr. Shuster, Con, had just declared could be easily controlled with a gunboat, Mr. Shuster, Pro, has this to say: "that if the strong arm of the United States were removed from the Philippines to-day [July, 1910], the native Government would have a most serious problem in the control of these fierce warriors of Sulu and Mindanao."

Mr. Shuster, Pro, then proceeds to show how incompetent the Filipinos had proved to be in the exercise of such governmental powers as they had been granted. He speaks of "low-grade" magistrates, of "frenzied finance" on the part of municipal governments, of the municipal police force outside of Manila as a laughing-stock, and of the incompetence of local treasurers.

In answer to the query of Mr. Shuster, Con, as to what we had done for the Filipinos, Mr. Shuster, Pro, devotes a large part of his article. He gives statistics showing what had been accomplished through the public school system, and emphasizes the value of the teaching of English as a uniform tongue; and apropos of this declares that "outside of Manila and a few of the larger provincial towns the task of imposing sanitary rules on seven millions of people scattered in small villages over an immense territory is a gigantic if not impossible one, until the education of the masses shall have secured to the Government some more substantial degree of co-operation by the people themselves."

In contrast to his opponent, Mr. Shuster, Con, Mr. Shuster, Pro, expresses great regard for the opinions of the Presidents under whom the Philippine policies were formulated and developed. Of President McKinley's instructions, issued in April, 1900, he says that "no one can read them, realizing that they were penned by a man who had never seen the Philippine Islands, without a profound admiration for the writer's keen insight into the actual conditions there."

He believes, as a result of his experience, that the enormous physical obstacles will help to make progress slow there; that the one way to civilize the Filipinos is to stimulate their desires and increase their demands for better things, and thus give them incentives for learning the arts of civilization. This, he says, is to be done through the children. He admits the method is a slow one. "Those of us who look for very definite results within our time," says Mr. Shuster, Pro, "will be disappointed." Mr. Shuster, Pro, is thus doing his best to save from disappointment his intimate opponent, Mr. Shuster, Con.

Whatever error has been made in the Philippines has been, in the opinion of Mr. Shuster, Pro, through too much haste. "No just claim," says Mr. Shuster, Pro, "may be made that the fullest and fairest opportunity has not been given to the Filipinos to manage their local affairs, and the mistake, if any there be, has been in giving them more than they could assimilate, rather than too little."

What would Mr. Shuster, Pro, suggest that Congress should do? Exactly the opposite thing from that which is advocated by Mr. Shuster, Con. To Mr. Shuster, Pro, it seems useless to talk of "years" in connection with the past of government in the Philippines: "To raise to even ordinary modern standards seven millions, and their increment, of people who have never been anything but a dependent Malayan colony, will require time which may be better expressed in some larger unit, such as 'decades' or 'generations.'" Mr. Shuster, Pro, therefore believes that the present uncertainty regarding the Philippines would be relieved by a "declaration at the proper time by Congress of the United States that our sovereignty will not be withdrawn from the islands for a period of at least fifty years."

There are three reasons at least why The Outlook thinks that the Mr. Shuster who argues for the continuation of American rule in the Philippines has the better of the argument:

(1) The facts that Mr. Shuster, Pro, states are left wholly unrefuted by Mr. Shuster, Con.

(2) The plan to intrust the Filipino masses to the mercies of a governing class does not strike us as a natural or beneficent outcome of fifteen years of American government in the islands.

(3) To civilize the Moros by a rapid-fire cannon does not seem to us any better than

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civilizing the Filipinos with a Krag, even if the cannon be directed by Viscayans and Tagalogs, and not nearly as effective or ethically defensible as civilizing them by the methods undertaken already—the patient methods of American education and example.

"KING COTTON'S" NEW DOMAIN

We desire to call special attention to the article, elsewhere in this issue, in which Mr. Theodore H. Price, a recognized authority on the subject, describes some of the new social and legislative forces that are affecting the production and marketing of cotton.

Probably few Americans realize the fact that within a generation an economic revolution in the cotton industry has taken place. A hundred years ago the cotton gin was the cause of one revolution in this industry. Subtler causes have resulted in another revolution. This has made the South instead of the North the leader in cotton manufacturing. New England, which was once pre-eminent in the production of cotton goods, is so no longer. In 1913 the mills of the South used more cotton than the mills of all the rest of the country combined. The growth of the textile industry in the South is shown in this table taken from a Census bulletin:

CONSUMPTION OF COTTON FOR MANUFACTURING PURPOSES

Year.	Southern Mills. Bales used.	All other U. S. Mills. Bales used.
1893.....	743,848	1,687,286
1913.....	2,960,518	2,825,713

Thus it will be seen that the thirteen Southern cotton-growing States increased their home consumption of cotton by 2,216,670 bales, or nearly 300 per cent, between 1893 and 1913, while in the rest of the country the increase in the same period was only 1,138,427 bales, equal to less than 70 per cent.

The steady growth of cotton manufacture in the Southern States is a matter of profound interest to the people of America. If this growth keeps on at anything like the rate at which it has proceeded in the past twenty years, changes of great importance are sure to manifest themselves. The capital now invested in Northern cotton mills may be diverted to other avenues for profitable employment, for Southern competition will become stronger and stronger. The South will cease to be a predominantly agricultural country. Its political alignment may be affected so that it will be "solid" no longer. North Carolina and South Carolina, which are now the greatest cotton manufacturing States in the South—the former having consumed almost all of its cotton crop of 946,000 bales in 1913—may eventually occupy an economic position similar to that now held by Rhode Island and Massachusetts, in which farm products at present represent less than one-twentieth of the value of manufactures.

The social changes which accompany the transition from a civilization based on agriculture to one that characterizes a manufacturing community have already begun to manifest themselves in the South. All over that section the mill town is springing up. In many, perhaps in most, cases it has opened new avenues of enjoyment, as well as employment, to the working people of the South. There are responsible positions and good pay for the more competent men and women who are drawn to the mills; there is for the average worker a chance to save money and "get ahead," through the receipt of regular wages, which has seldom offered itself under the old conditions; there is—though here is a moot point—an opportunity for the younger members of the family to be profitably employed. In some of the more progressive mill towns that are springing up throughout the South there are already excellent schools for the children; there are attractive streets with electric lights; there are comfortable houses containing many conveniences, which are provided at modest rentals to mill employees; there are libraries, moving-picture theaters, and other amusements; and there are hospitals for the sick.

The status of these mill towns ought to improve steadily, for they are being developed under the twofold advantages of the most recent mechanical advance, and the meliorative influences of the widespread movement for the legislative protection of workers. To this must be added the effect of the general social agitation that is causing employers voluntarily to better conditions as to the physical environment of their employees. It must not be forgotten that mill owners and superintendents are themselves subject to the influence of the times. A Southern mill-owner not long ago said to a representative of The Outlook, "We don't want to work immature children in our factories; we want to obey the law; and we want our employees to be happy and prosperous, and some of us are

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spending money freely for their welfare. Let the State make any law it pleases in regard to the employment of minors, *and enforce it*, so that we shall be in the same boat with our competitors, and we will give it our hearty approval and obedience."

Fair-minded Americans in all sections will rejoice that an increasing measure of prosperity is thus coming to the people of the South. Their prosperity means the prosperity of all sections, just as the phenomenal growth of the West has been accompanied by a vast increase in the wealth of the East. No part of the Union can grow in population and prosperity without benefiting other sections by increased interchange of products. The increasing wealth of our Southern States is a National asset.

But with its increasing prosperity the South has an increased responsibility. It owes to itself and to the Nation the duty of keeping up a high standard of living and of working in the new industrial communities. Fair treatment of labor, the proper education of children, attention to housing problems, and sanitary and æsthetic surroundings are demanded by present-day civilization in manufacturing centers. Let the South lead in these matters as it has led in the commercial enterprise that has given the Southern States an almost magical increase in prosperity since the Civil War.

LEONORA AGAIN

Two weeks ago we published a letter from Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee giving his interpretation of the philosophy and psychology of J. M. Barrie's much-discussed play "The Legend of Leonora." The playwright, combining the wisdom of the serpent with the amiability of the dove, avoided introducing a debate on "suffrage" into his play, and Mr. Satterlee, with similar tact, did not mention the word in his interpretation, but we think it a fair inference that both the playwright and his interpreter believe that what Mr. Satterlee calls the "basic difference between men and women" is a reason for at least wondering whether they are equally qualified to exercise the duties of the suffrage.

Every observer of the play, however, does not make this deduction, as will be seen by those who read the following letter. Its writer also is careful not to make use of the word which, like a battle-flag, has been the center of so many assaults and counter-assaults between "pros" and "antis." Nevertheless it is clear, from the last two paragraphs of "Filia's" letter, that she is sympathetic with woman's, or rather some women's, desire for the ballot.

These two interesting and contradictory interpretations of Leonora confirm us in our judgment that she has been the subject of more friendly debates between husbands and wives, fathers and daughters, and brothers and sisters than any of the *dramatis personæ* of the time. Perhaps the only way to settle the question would be to have Leonora herself appear before the curtain some evening and tell us what her own views really are as to the purpose of the play.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The theory so cleverly set forth by Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee in his interesting letter on "The Legend of Leonora" shows man as the maker of systems and woman as one who, from her very nature as woman, rebels against and sets aside forms and conventions when they interfere with her deepest interests. And Leonora certainly illustrates the theory! A fable is often the means of conveying deep truth, but the difficulty of taking Leonora as a type of woman or as explaining womankind is that, for the purposes of the comedy, Leonora's feminine quality is pushed to the point of wild absurdity.

She commits a crime for a perfectly extravagant reason, and is rescued from the consequences of her act by an equally extravagant chivalry.

Leonora is not more absurd and irrational in her disregard of cause and effect in her crime than are the judge and the jury who, moved by her charm, long to exonerate her. She is adorably amusing, but she proves too much.

To step from the realm of fancy to that of fact. We all realize "the basic mental and temperamental difference between man and woman," but can we say of any trait, however fundamental, that "it gains or loses nothing by education or environment"?

Leonora is all mother. Whatever else she is, however various her qualities (and they are various), they are absorbed in this one attribute of maternity. But woman is not only "primitively and instinctively woman," she is also a being that "walks at man's side," sharing his life and interests. Whenever she

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rises above the instinctive stage of being she realizes that the conventions man has framed are necessary for her protection and that of her children, and constitute the social state in which she and they can live and develop.

Her essential quality as woman without doubt affects her whole being and influences the manner of her protest against legal or social systems when they conflict with her purpose in the world.

But the very force of this maternal quality, which in its primitive form renders her regardless of laws, makes her, where reason is at all developed, desire to have her distinctive quality, her peculiar contribution, expressed; not in rebellion against, but as a co-worker with man in his splendid constructive work.

The force of convention, at times pressing heavily upon woman and at times supporting and sustaining her, makes her, with her increasing freedom and enlightenment, wish to be more felt and of greater influence in these same forms and systems—religious, political, and educational—which affect her life as they affect the life of man.

Leonora has much to teach us regarding woman's fundamental characteristic and its operation in conflict with the larger world, and, if we read between the lines, she has much to tell us, too, in regard to this same prime quality of woman in harmonious co-operation with the world of civilized institutions and established laws which man has built up for himself and for her. FILIA.

WATCHFUL WAITING IN EUROPEAN EYES

Europe is looking on at affairs in distracted Mexico with a growing distrust of the United States. Mingled with that distrust is disdain; for to European eyes "watchful waiting" is due to the triumph of caution over regard for National honor and prestige. There appeared recently in "La Gazette de Hollande," published at The Hague, a bit of satirical dialogue signed by Clément Vautel. Through this bit of fooling one can see the shrugging of the shoulder. We print herewith a translation of this dialogue because it wittily presents this European point of view. The natural feeling of suspicion which seems to be growing in Europe affords additional reason why the United States should act on the "A B C Doctrine"—that is, the doctrine that in such a case as this, in which international complications arising in the more unstable countries of the Western Hemisphere invite intervention, the United States should act in co-operation with the three stable nations of South America—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile.—THE EDITORS.

PRUDENCE, AMERICAN STYLE

President Wilson. Certainly these Mexicans are getting more troublesome every day.

Secretary Bryan. Just look how they shoot down the English! And England doesn't seem to be pleased.

Wilson. Do you think that she will intervene?

Bryan. Who knows?

Wilson. And as to the Monroe Doctrine?

Bryan (*skeptically*). That Doctrine will be no use for stopping dreadnoughts.

Wilson. What shall we do?

Bryan. There is only one thing to do. We must bring these Mexicans to reason.

Wilson. How is that to be done? I have already sent many letters and telegrams to Huerta, to Villa, and to several others. They have not even troubled to answer me.

Bryan. These Mexicans have been very badly brought up.

Wilson. Yes, and they are very sensitive, too. If we become insistent, they are quite capable of getting angry, and then we will make ourselves ridiculous again.

Bryan. However, we must do something.

Wilson. Have you any plan?

Bryan. Yes. We must be careful not to rub any one the wrong way. Above all, we must not compromise ourselves. Let us agree with both Huerta and the revolutionists. Let us turn the cold shoulder to no one. This is the best way to prove how strong we are.

Wilson. You are right. With these devilish Mexicans no man knows how this affair will end.

Bryan. To be brief, let us not stir out of our tracks.

Wilson. You are right. That is the most dignified policy.

Bryan. But that will not prevent us from sending another despatch "answer prepaid," and who knows but that they may decide to behave politely?

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THE PROTECTION OF WOMEN

SOME LAWS AND LAWSUITS: A REVIEW

IN some parts of the United States it is now unlawful to overwork or underpay women. This is something new. How new it is can be seen from the fact that it is only within a month or two that Congress has enacted a law limiting the hours of labor during which women may work in factories, hotels, and shops in the District of Columbia to eight hours a day; that a law of Ohio limiting the hours of labor for women in certain industries to ten hours has been upheld by the United States Supreme Court; and that the Supreme Court of the State of Oregon has rendered a decision unanimously upholding the validity of the Oregon law providing for an Industrial Welfare Commission to fix hours of labor, minimum wages, and conditions of labor for workingwomen.

Why should there be such laws? It is not a new thing for women to be engaged in industry. In the old days clothing and food and other necessities which are now made in factories were largely made in the home by women. What one woman could do under the comparatively primitive conditions of that time has been told in such narratives as that which tells of the life of Jonathan Edwards. The house was a factory; and the housewife was both laborer and manager. It is a literal statement of fact that is embedded in the old saying, "Man works from sun to sun; woman's work is never done."

Why, then, should we now limit the hours of labor for women? Did not the world fare well in the days of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers?

Not altogether well. Women under that strain grew old before their time; and children born of them were, oftener than we commonly think, inherently unfitted for life. And, even so, the strain of that sort of toil was not the strain of the factory and the shop. To-day the things that used to be made in the home are made outside of it; and yet they are still made largely by women. Instead of being, however, at once spinner and weaver and baker and seamstress and manager, the woman who works in a modern factory is the tender of a machine. She has no longer even the semblance of freedom in her toil. She is the subject of a great industrial system.

The difference in effect on women is radical; and that effect is felt by those women's children. This great industrial system, with its monotonous labor, its soulless machines, its great factories, its impersonal demands, has its grip on a great mass of women who are or will be mothers.

THE QUESTION OF LONG HOURS

Has the Government the right to protect the people from the exorbitant demands of industry? That is a question of the police power of the Government—and the courts have time and again said the police power extends as far as that. Are long hours of labor exorbitant demands upon the strength of women? That is a question not of law but of fact. So, when a few years ago the Oregon law limiting the hours of labor for women was tested in the Supreme Court of the United States, the brief submitted by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis in defense of the statute devoted only three pages to the law of the case, but over a hundred pages to non-legal opinions and evidence concerning the injuries to the health and morals of women from fatigue and excessive hours of work—that is, to facts. This brief, which was prepared with the assistance of Miss Josephine Goldmark, of the National Consumers' League, was a strange thing in law courts, for instead of judges and court decisions and legal commentaries, it quoted the findings of physicians and scientists and factory inspectors. And it accomplished its purpose. The Oregon law was sustained.

Now another law—this time one enacted in Ohio—which was designed to protect workingwomen against excessive hours of labor, has been sustained by the Federal Supreme Court.

A milliner in Ohio, one Anna Hawley, was arrested for violation of the law which prohibits the employment of women in certain industrial pursuits for more than ten hours in any one day or more than fifty-four hours a week. She brought suit against Joseph Walker, the constable who arrested her, the basis of the suit being the alleged unconstitutionality of the law.

At the request of the Attorney-General of Ohio, Mr. Louis D. Brandeis argued the case. In preparing the brief, as in the Oregon case, he had the assistance of Miss Josephine

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Goldmark, publication secretary of the National Consumers' League.

As in the Oregon case, Mr. Brandeis submitted a brief of a nature none too familiar to courts. Devoting but few pages to law, he made the bulk of his argument from the evidence of social workers, economists, factory inspectors, etc., all going to prove the evil effects of excessive working hours on health, morals, and efficiency.

WHAT A JUDGE HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW

The recent brief sets forth all the freshly gathered data on the physiology of fatigue, showing that it is a poison generated during activity and removed during rest. The overtired worker is literally poisoned by her own waste products, and as health deteriorates efficiency falls off. Figures are given from foreign insurance societies showing the increase in nervous disorders due to the speed and strain of modern industry.

It is by this means that an appeal was made not to legal precedents but to common knowledge.

"What we know as men we cannot profess to be ignorant of as judges."

It was with this ringing phrase that the judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois four years ago handed down an important decision giving judicial cognizance to the fact that woman as a machine has her definite physical limits, and that it is within the police power of the State to see that she be not allowed to work beyond those limits.

Now, when the Illinois decision crystallized once and for all the fact that the judgment of a judge was but the judgment of a man, the admission was important for another reason than the obvious one. And that is, that it also admitted the fallibility of judges and their response to the changing spirit of the times. It did this because it practically reversed the decision of the same Court made fifteen years before, declaring an eight-hour law unconstitutional; for whether the question be of eight or of ten hours, the legal points are the same. And the changed attitude of the courts epitomizes a widespread and hopeful change which is taking place in public opinion also.

What constitutes excessive hours is presumptively left to the Legislatures to decide. Since the Oregon decision six years ago, similar laws have been challenged in Massachusetts, Michigan, California, and Washington; each time the Supreme Court of the State has sustained the law; in each case the limitation of the hours has been different, but the legal points on which the laws have been based are identical.

Back in the industrial communities of the East, in such States as Illinois and Pennsylvania, the workingwomen had a long, uphill fight to win the restriction to ten hours a day and sixty a week—a standard which, be it noted in passing, was recognized in England seventy years ago! It is now nearly three years since Washington and California led off with the eight-hour day and the six-day week for women, and were followed by Colorado, Utah, and Arizona. How the Supreme Court of the United States feels about the eight-hour day we shall know before many months, for the California eight-hour law for women is being appealed.

A NATIONAL LAW

We know, however, how Congress feels about an eight-hour day, for both the Senate and the House have passed by a unanimous vote, and the President has just signed, the La Follette Eight-Hour Law for women in the District of Columbia. The new law applies to practically all women industrially employed except those in private offices and domestic servants in private homes. Hotel servants are included under the provisions of the law, and also that other class of women so frequently and so unfortunately exempted in the States, clerks in department and other retail stores. The six-day week and prohibition of night work for minors are the other important provisions of the law.

The fight for the measure has been a hard one, conducted by the National Consumers' League; its significance is much greater than would seem to those who look upon Washington as a mere city of homes, with no bad industrial conditions. The investigations which preceded the passage of the bill jarred many a resident of the National capital out of his complacency on that score; for it revealed women working in the steam laundries an average of twelve and thirteen hours a day for periods of two and three months during the "busy season," which is also apt to be the hot season.

Besides the employers who tried to defeat or amend the measure (and it is a favorable sign of the times that the best employers did not oppose it) there came from many a disinterested source the objections which have

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become almost comic in their familiarity; for they have been raised over and over again in the last seventy years every time such a measure has been agitated:

Will it not mean lower wages? Will the women not be replaced by men? Will it not be an undue hardship to employers?

A cursory knowledge of the history of such laws goes to show that these fears are ungrounded. From the textile mills of England and Massachusetts, from the factories and department stores of the Pacific Coast, a mass of evidence has been rolling in all these years which is but too slowly penetrating the consciousness of the business man. It is this: that the reasonably short working day is the efficient working day. That a change from twelve to ten hours shows a gain in efficiency; that the change from ten to eight hours shows a further gain in efficiency so marked that in the long run the employer does not lose but gains by it.

But, aside from this fact, which itself justifies the law, is it a tenable position to say, "Conditions in industry are bad; but a readjustment will be difficult and cause hardship in some few instances; therefore we will make no readjustment; we will be content to let matters go from bad to worse"? For that is, after all, what the arguments against the measure reduce themselves to in a final analysis. It is the same sort of argument which has in the past been brought against child labor laws. Fortunately we have got beyond the stage of even arguing the rights and wrongs of child labor. We shall soon be beyond the stage of arguing about the right to limit the hours of toil for workingwomen.

THE QUESTION OF LOW WAGES

But after the question of hours of labor is settled there remains the question of wages. These two questions are closely connected, for if wages can be legally reduced when hours of labor are reduced by law little gain, if any, is registered. Are, then, adequate wages as necessary as reasonable hours of work to preserve the health, morals, and welfare of workingwomen? This is in brief the question which the Supreme Court of Oregon was called upon to decide in the case of Stettler vs. the Industrial Welfare Commission of Oregon.

This is the first case to be decided by any State Supreme Court concerning the validity of a law providing for a legal minimum wage for women. This fact and the nature of the law's defense make the case of more than local or passing account. Not only the Oregon statute was at stake, but a new issue of widest concern, the regulation of women's wages in the interest of public welfare. The whole argument for the regulation of wages rests on the claim that wages are not, any more than the hours of labor, a matter of "private business." The community is directly and disastrously involved if the wages of women are such that they are forced to live below the level of subsistence, physical and moral.

In 1913 the Oregon Legislature established an Industrial Welfare Commission, empowered to fix such hours of labor, wages, and conditions of work as, after investigation, appear necessary to preserve the health and welfare of workingwomen. After several conferences, composed, as required by law, of representatives of the employers, of the workers, and of the general public, the Commission, in September, 1913, promulgated its first orders. Among other things, a minimum wage of $8.64 was fixed for women employed in factories in the city of Portland. A manufacturer of boxes, F. C. Stettler, applied for an injunction to restrain the Commission from enforcing its order. In November the application was denied, the constitutionality of the act upheld by Judge Cleeton, of the Circuit Court of Multnomah County, and the case was carried on appeal to the Oregon Supreme Court.

"The principal assault upon the validity of the progressive legislation in question," says the brief of Messrs. Malarkey & Seabrook, attorneys for the Commission, is the familiar assertion that it violates the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution in taking property without due process of law, and in denying to citizens freedom in contracting about their private affairs.

It was this same Fourteenth Amendment, adopted as a charter of industrial liberty after the Civil War, that was invoked in the interest of the oppressive power of the industrial system to keep women at work for long hours; and as in the Oregon ten-hour case, so in this other Oregon case concerning the minimum wage, that argument was met by a brief containing not only legal opinions but facts as to modern industry and its effects on the well-being of women. At the invitation of the Industrial Welfare Commission, a collection of material was presented to the Court as an appendix to several briefs submitted

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by various counsel—by the Attorney-General of Oregon, the District Attorney, by Messrs. Malarkey & Seabrook for the Commission, and Mr. Joseph N. Teal as *amicus curiæ*. These briefs deal ably and at length with various legal and Constitutional aspects of the case, such as the delegation of powers to a Commission, the right of judicial review of the Commission's orders, etc. The two-hundred-page appendix prepared (as in the other Oregon case and the Ohio case) by Mr. Brandeis and Miss Goldmark confines itself to the concrete problems of human welfare upon which the case, shorn of its legal complexities, ultimately depends: the evil effect of low wages on health, morals, and efficiency, and the corresponding benefits of an adequate wage.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE MINIMUM WAGE

To show these facts concretely a rich variety of material is available. Several years ago, when the briefs in defense of shorter hours for women were compiled, comparatively few publications on the subject existed in this country. Most of the evidence from factory inspectors, physicians, and economists came from abroad. Within the last six years, however, we have had the nineteen volumes of the Federal Government's investigation of wage-earning women and children; the invaluable report of the Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission; reports of investigations by special State commissions in New York and Connecticut; smaller industrial surveys in Kansas City, Louisville, Portland, Oregon, and Milwaukee. Private as well as public research has in the past four years yielded many facts, notably the Pittsburgh Survey, and two admirable new volumes on workingwomen by Miss Mary Van Kleeck, as well as studies of income and outgo in Boston and New York. These various reports and researches, all independently made, are practically unanimous on the subject of women's wages.

For a detailed study of the results readers are referred to the brief in question, which can be obtained from the National Consumers' League.

The dangers to the health of women are found to be twofold: lack of adequate nourishment and lack of medical care in sickness. Statistics prove that with insufficient wages food is necessarily cut down below the level of subsistence, and health inevitably suffers. In order to meet unavoidable expenses for lodging and clothing, workingwomen reduce their diet to the lowest possible point.

On the moral side, authorities agree in the opinion that, while underpayment and the consequent struggle to live may not be the primary cause for entering upon an immoral life, it is inevitably a highly important factor. When wages are too low to supply nourishment and other human needs, temptation is more readily yielded to.

Statistics are given from various investigations showing the fallacy of the so-called "pin-money" theory. In the main, women are found at work to support themselves or to assist in the support of their families. A large proportion give up all their earnings to the family needs. The wage-earning daughter who lives at home often pays not only for her own support, but contributes towards the expenses of non-wage-earning members of the family. In this connection the irregularity of employment found in varying degree in almost all industries is of painful importance. The loss of earnings due to irregularity of work is obviously most detrimental to the lowest-paid workers. The establishment of a legal mininum wage tends to encourage regularization of work in the interest of efficiency. A large amount of interesting data is presented from England and Australasia, showing the benefits of the legal minimum wage to employer as well as employee. In many cases it has been proved that high wages have accompanied low cost of production, owing to the greater efficiency of the well-paid workers and the better organization of business.

Such facts and many others were presented to the Court as the matters of common knowledge concerning "underpayment the root of poverty." "The common knowledge of to-day," write Messrs. Malarkey & Seabrook in their brief, "is not the same as that of yesterday, but has been increased by one day's experience. The power of government, termed the police power, being based upon common knowledge of what is injurious to health or safety or morals or welfare of the public, must, of necessity, be as elastic as that common knowledge itself."

The question remains whether the courts generally, following the precedent now set by the Oregon Supreme Court, will hold the police power elastic enough to include the regulation of the wages of women in the interest of the public health and welfare.

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THE MAIN BUILDING OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE SEEN FROM THE LAKE

The destruction of this building by fire on March 17 has seriously crippled the work of this famous institution. See editorial comment

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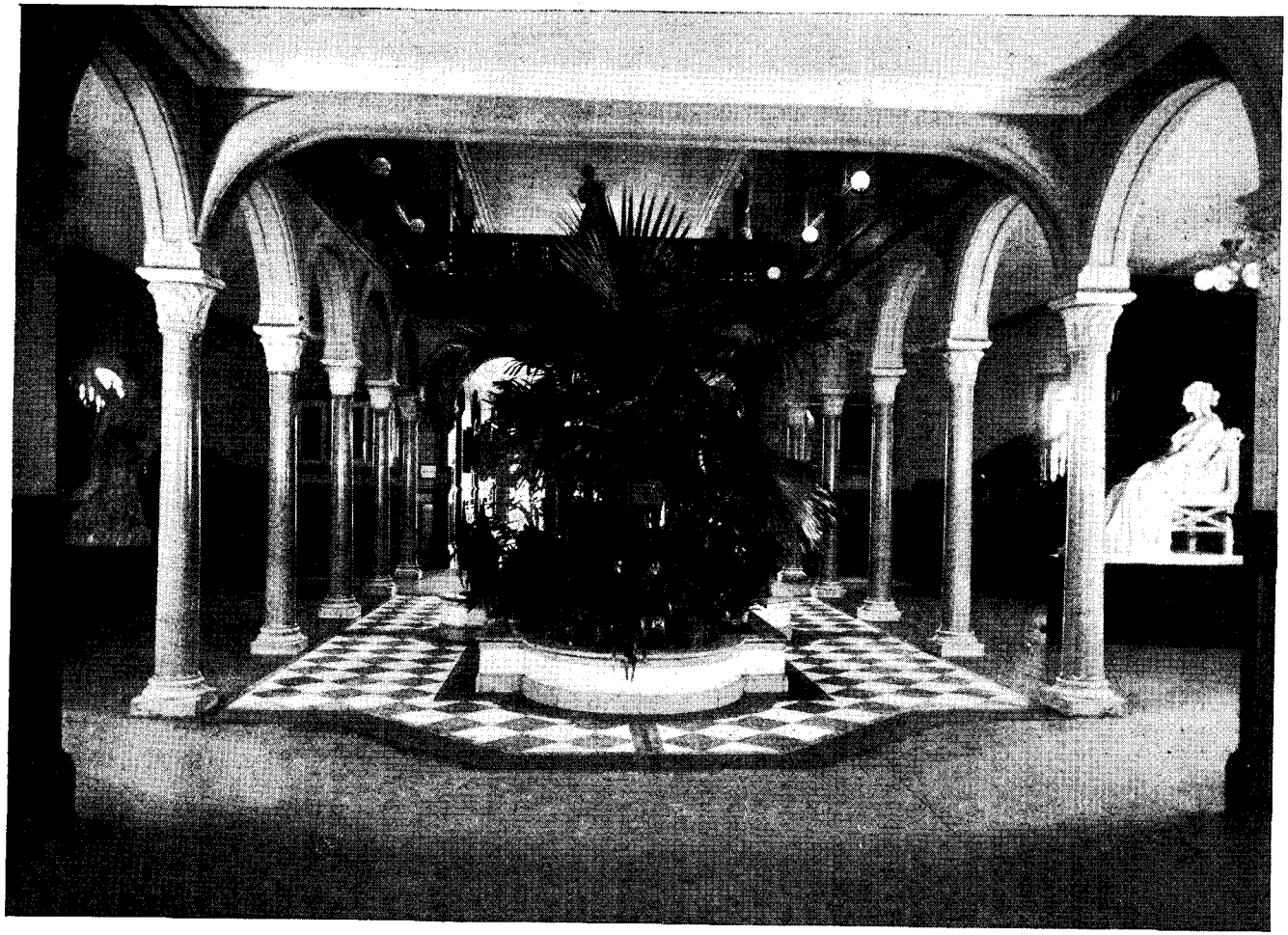

THE COLLEGE HALL CENTER AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE

This impressive entrance is described in the editorial account of the fire that recently destroyed this building. It was here that the undergraduates were accustomed to gather for cheering on special occasions

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REMINISCENCES[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

CHAPTER III

AN AMERICAN COLLEGE IN 1850

IN these reminiscences I do not attempt to follow a strictly chronological order. In the last chapter I have described New York City as it was from 1843, when my father, in conjunction with his brothers, opened The Abbott School in that city, to 1859, when I left it to go into the ministry. I now go back to 1849 to describe my college experiences during the four years 1849–1853.

In 1849 I thought I was prepared for college. My Uncle Charles did not agree with me. He was right and I was wrong. But nevertheless I had my way. He had not thought a year before that I was ready to take up Greek. So I got hold, somehow, of a little Greek grammar and studied it by myself out of school hours. My persistence won, and I was put into the Greek class. The school was a small one—thirty or forty boys; my impression is that our Greek class consisted of two pupils. By the summer of 1849 I had read, as I recall, a little of Xenophon and two or three books of the Iliad, but my preparation in grammar was both scanty and superficial. I had not read Virgil; but I knew the Latin grammar almost as I knew my alphabet; and I had read, of course, Cæsar, and also six orations of Cicero. These orations I had read and re-read until I was so familiar with the Latin of Cicero that when we took up "De Senectute" and "De Amicitia" in college I was accustomed, while the class was reciting the day's lesson, to read to myself the lesson for the next day, leaving occasional unknown words and perplexing constructions to be examined when I got home. In short, I was a very poor Greek scholar, but a fairly good Latin scholar. The reader must not, however, imagine that I was at all a prodigy because I took up Greek of my own volition and entered college before I was quite fourteen. I was not especially fond of learning, but I was eager to join my brothers in New York. Before I entered college I was, however, very unexpectedly to myself, confronted with one of the most serious problems of my life. My father called me into his room one day—this was probably in the spring vacation in 1849, and something like the following colloquy occurred between us:

Father. Lyman, the time has about come for you to decide whether you will go to college.

Myself. Why, father, I always supposed that of course I was going to college.

Father. No; not of course. I have estimated that it will cost me about $500 a year to carry you through college. You can go into business next fall and begin at once to earn your own livelihood. In that case, I should put aside $500 a year for you, and at the end of four years you would have a capital of $2,000 and interest, with which to go into business.

Myself. Well, father, of course if you think it best I should go into business, I am willing.

Father. Oh, no! I do not say that it is best. But the question is one for you to decide. Would you rather have a college education or the $2,000?

Myself. What do you advise?

But he would give me no advice. He put before me in a very practical fashion the relative advantages and the relative difficulties in a professional career and in a business career; told me to think it over for two or three days and then tell him my decision. Up to that time I had probably never had more than five dollars in my pocket at any one time, and two thousand dollars seemed to me an enormous fortune. When, at the end of the three or four days, I came to my father with my decision to take the education, he simply remarked: "I am very glad. I think it is an excellent plan for a boy to go to college, but a very poor plan for a boy to be sent."

And this was no game he played with me. If I had decided on a business career, a business career I should have had. I have known men as fond of children as my father. I have never known one who honored the child as he did. Perhaps he had little doubt as to my decision. Perhaps he saw that I was taking a college course too much for granted

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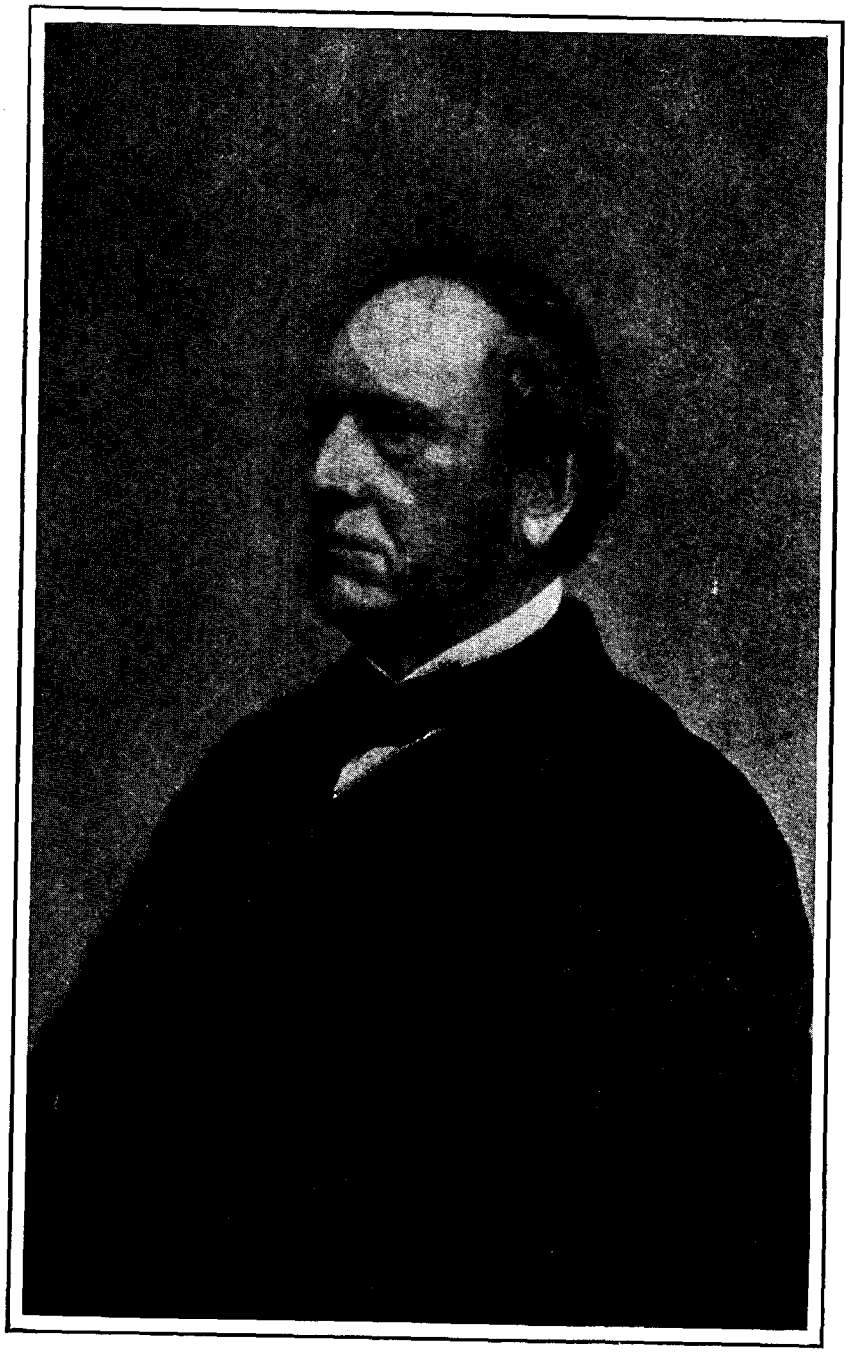

"THE MAN TO WHOM I OWE AN INCALCULABLE DEBT OF GRATITUDE"

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and needed the jar. The result was wholly beneficial. Throughout my college days I realized that I was spending my own good money for my education, and I determined to get my money's worth. Though I entered college the youngest in my class and somewhat handicapped by inadequate preparation and a feeble physique, which sent me away every spring four or five weeks before the college term closed, I graduated fourth in a class of sixteen.

Behold me, then, a freshman in the University of the City of New York, still decidedly under the average in weight and somewhat under the average in size for my age, with my arm in a sling, for I had broken it two days before I finally left school for college, and with a pale face which gave me an unearned reputation for being very studious.

The University of the City of New York justified its right to its title by the fact that it had a grammar school, which was one of the best secondary schools in the city, and a medical school of good standing. My brother Vaughan said that New York City had three medical schools—an old school, a new school, and a brand-new school. The University Medical School was the new school. But its building was in another part of the city. I do not now know where it was situated. To me as a student the University was simply one of the smaller of the American colleges of that day.

The reader, instinctively comparing the University of the City of New York as I here describe it with the modern American university, such as Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, will see in the comparison evidences of the marvelous growth of the higher education in America during the last half-century. If he will compare my Alma Mater with the college of a previous epoch, he will see in that comparison evidences of the no less marvelous growth of the higher education in the quarter-century preceding 1850. There lies before me as I write a "Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Bowdoin College, Brunswick," Maine, dated 1818. The entire catalogue is contained on one sheet of paper sixteen and a half inches by fourteen and a half; that is, smaller than a gentleman's ordinary sized pocket-handkerchief. There is a total of thirty-seven students, and the faculty consists of a President, a Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, a Lecturer in Chemistry and Mineralogy, a Librarian, and three tutors. Six years later my father was called to a tutorship in Amherst College, Massachusetts. The College had one hundred and thirty-six students; the faculty included three professors, one of whom taught both Latin and Greek, and Jacob Abbott, tutor, who also had charge of the buildings and grounds, for which he was to receive a small unnamed addition to his munificent salary of $600 a year. He was also a little later requested, in addition to his other duties, "to instruct the junior class in mathematics and philosophy till the next commencement." La Croix's Arithmetic and Day's Algebra were a part of the studies of the freshman class. And the students of Amherst College were not, I think, inferior to those of other American colleges in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. That was in 1825. By 1850 even the small American colleges had made a considerable advance in number of students, size of faculty, financial endowment, and scholastic standards.

The University of the City of New York occupied a commodious marble building, not without architectural dignity, on the east side of Washington Square. The lower floor was occupied by the University grammar school, where my oldest brother, Vaughan, prepared for college. A broad stairway, opening directly upon the street, led up to a hall in the second story running the full length of the building, out of which opened the recitation-rooms and a small chapel, large enough for all the academic students to assemble in. They never, I think, numbered more than two hundred. I graduated one of a class of sixteen; but the class was probably half as large again when it entered; and, moreover, the class of 1853 was smaller than the average. The third story contained a much larger chapel, of Gothic architecture, two stories of the building in height—a chapel used on special occasions by the University and on Sundays by a French Protestant church. On this floor were also the halls of the two literary societies of the college, the Eucleian and the Philothean. The rooms on the upper floor were rented out to lodgers or as offices. There was no dormitory. The students lived at home, or where they could, the University furnishing the instruction, but neither board, lodging, nor oversight. In this respect the University was more German than English. We assembled in the morning for prayers in the smaller chapel. After a so-called devotional exercise, which with most of us was not, I fear, very devo-

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tional, we separated to our various recitation-rooms. The recitations occupied us for the next three hours, about one hour each, with a brief interim to enable us to pass from one recitation to the next one. At half-past twelve or thereabouts our work at the University came to an end; we separated to our homes; and the University knew us no more until the next morning at nine or half-past nine. There was no gymnasium and there were no athletics; no baseball or football team, no rowing club, no glee club, no orchestra, no club of any kind. There were three or four Greek-letter societies that met I know not where, but I never belonged to one. My brother Austin did; but secret organizations have always been distasteful to me, and the only one to which I ever belonged was a secret loyal league organized for mutual protection during the Civil War in a community in which secrecy was thought to be necessary for safety.

There were, however, two open literary societies, the Philothean and the Eucleian. With my brothers I belonged to the Eucleian Society, which, I believe, still exists in a flourishing condition. Each of these societies had an assembly-room given to it, in the University building, and each, I believe, possessed a fairly well furnished library. The Eucleian did, I know. We met on Friday evenings, once a fortnight. There was an oration, which was criticised both as to its matter and manner by the presiding officer; a college paper, not printed but simply read by the editor to the society, and to this paper the members were supposed to contribute, though it was, in fact, almost solely the production of the editor; and a debate, which was always extemporaneous. It was here I first learned to think upon my feet, and so laid the foundation for my lifelong habit of extemporaneous speech. For the essential condition of really extemporaneous speech is ability to think upon one's feet. Without that ability the extemporaneous address is either a memoriter, though unwritten, oration or a rambling and discursive talk unfreighted with any thought. The value of the old-time debating societies in village, school, and college appears to me to be underestimated in our times. "In the Westminster debating societies," says Alfred Austin in his autobiography, "I at least acquired a facility, sometimes an extemporaneous facility, of utterance that has been useful to me, I think, all through life." Similar testimony will be found in the biographies of Lord Macaulay and Mr. Gladstone.

The literary society also gave us some practice in politics. The Greek-letter societies generally controlled the semi-annual elections, or at least so we "outs" thought. In our junior year we anticipated the tactics of the Know-Nothing party. T. De Witt Talmage was a member of my class. His brilliant imagination, genial humor, transparent frankness, and unaffected interest in his fellows made him deservedly popular. We astonished the secret society fellows by electing Talmage President of the Eucleian for one term in 1852. But, if I remember aright, our organization was as short-lived as that of the Know-Nothings, and the secret societies came back into power at the next election. I may take this place to say that in college Mr. Talmage displayed the same characteristics which made him famous in after life. He was not distinguished for his scholarship in the class-room nor for his accuracy of statement in his college speeches; but he was distinguished for a vivid though not subtle imagination, and a boundless good feeling which made him the friend of everybody and every one his friend. He had, of course, an oration at Commencement, and he is the only college orator I have ever heard whose oration was repeatedly interrupted by the spontaneous applause of his audience.

There was in the University no laboratory for students' use, either chemical or physical. There was chemical and physical apparatus which the professor used in lecturing to us. But we never experimented. We students never *did* anything. We only listened, read our books, and recited our lessons. I do not now distinctly recall any college library, and as I was then, as I am now, very fond of books, and as I did during college days a good deal of unrequired reading, getting the books for that purpose where I could, I am reasonably certain that if there was a college library, it was insignificant and played no important part in our college life. But each of the literary societies had its library; and five minutes' walk from the University was the Mercantile Library, organized for merchants' clerks, but available for any one who was willing to pay five dollars a year for the privilege of membership. Of that I early became a member.

The object of the American college in 1850 was to prepare the student for one of the three learned professions—law, medi-

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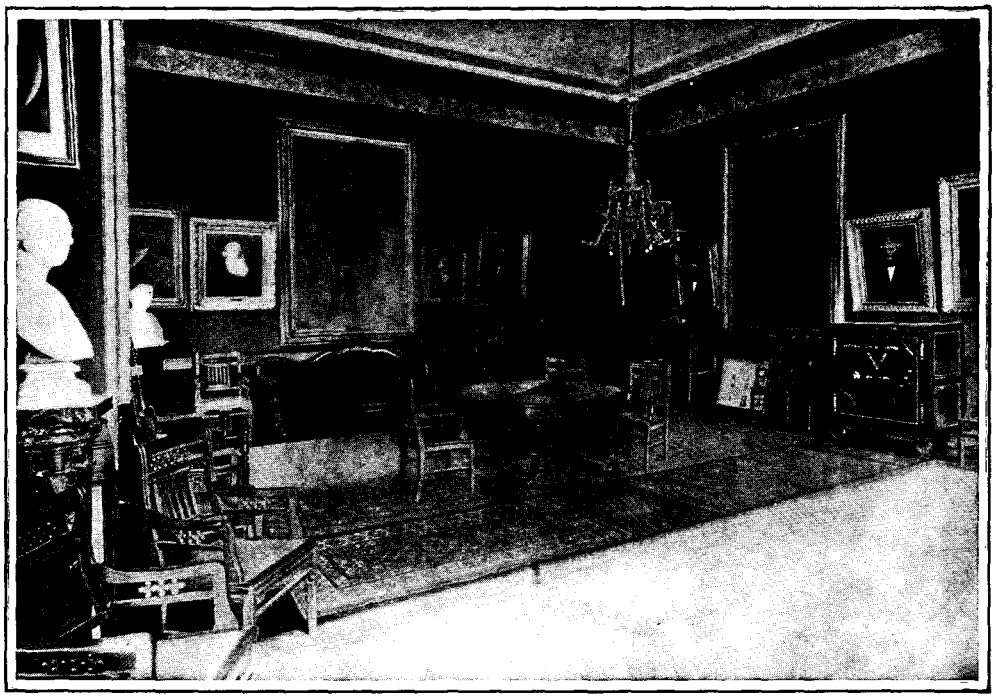
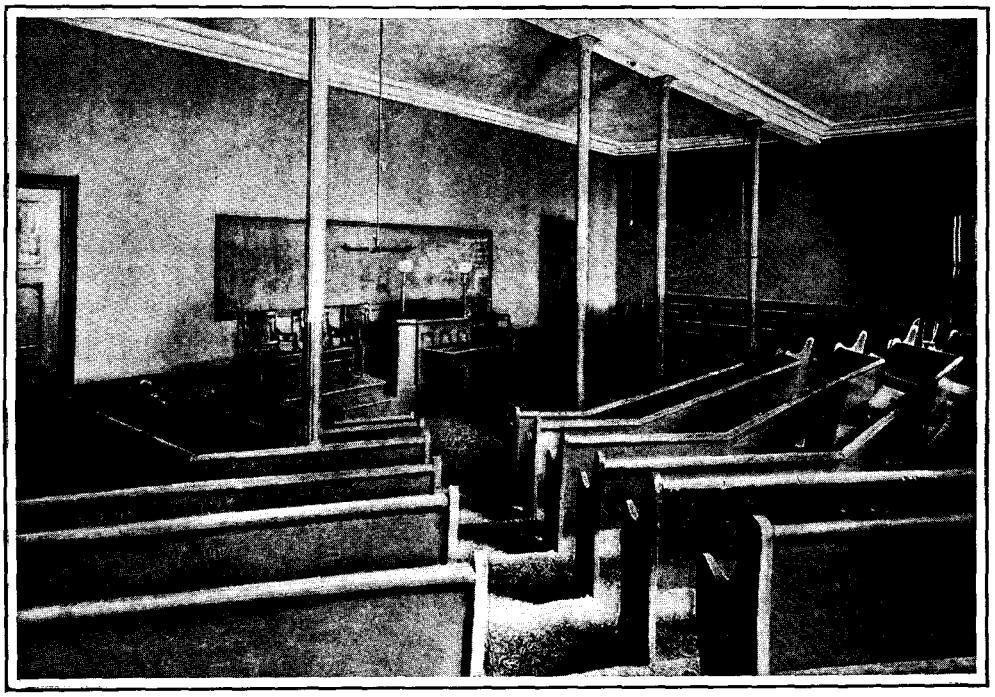


THE CHANCELLOR'S ROOM

In Dr. Abbott's undergraduate days Professor Henry's class sat around a long table in this room



THE SMALLER CHAPEL

Here the undergraduates gathered every morning, and here also the exercises in public speaking were held

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

These pictures of the University and those on the following page were taken twenty
The rooms then appeared substantially as they

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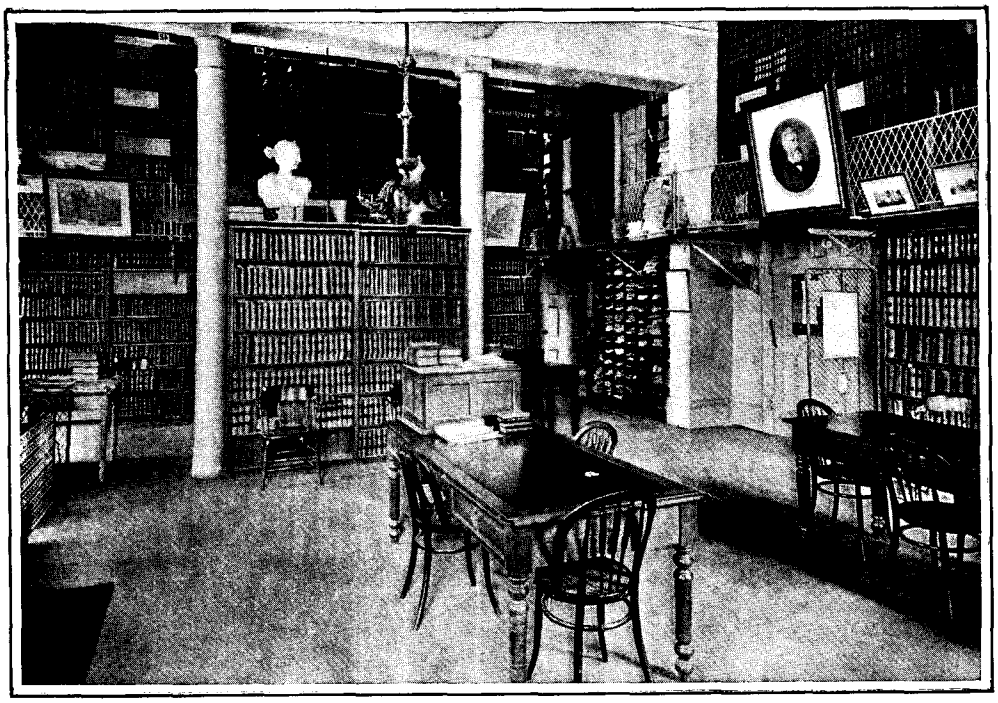
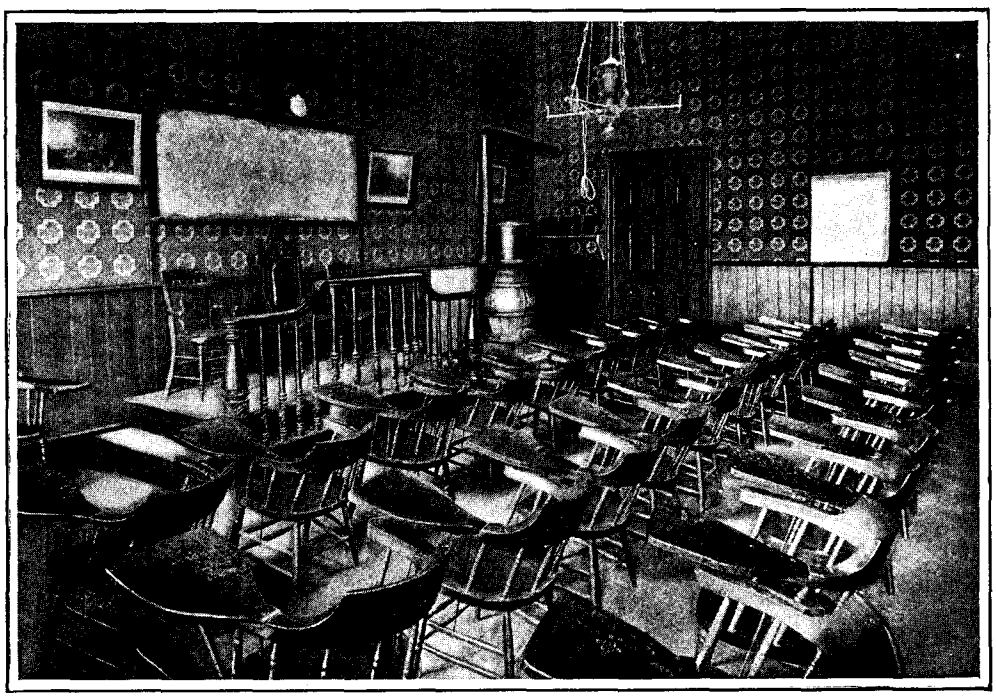


THE LIBRARY
As it was forty years after Dr. Abbott's graduation



A RECITATION ROOM
As Dr. Abbott remembers it, benches like those in the chapel were generally used

AS IT WAS IN EARLY DAYS

years ago by Dr. Orrin S. Wightman, through whose courtesy they are here reproduced, did at the time of which this chapter treats

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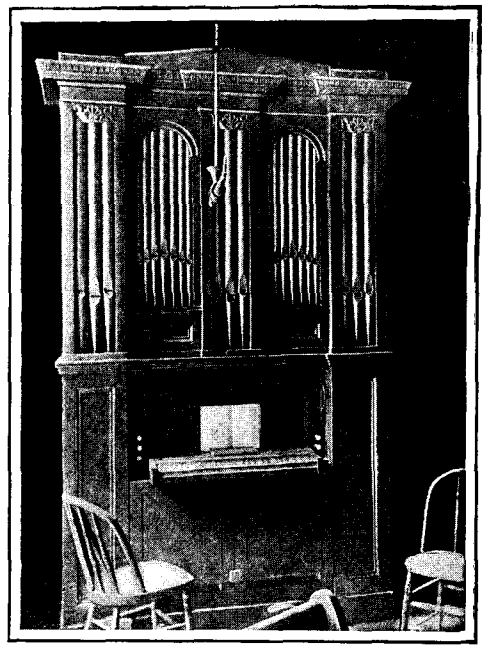
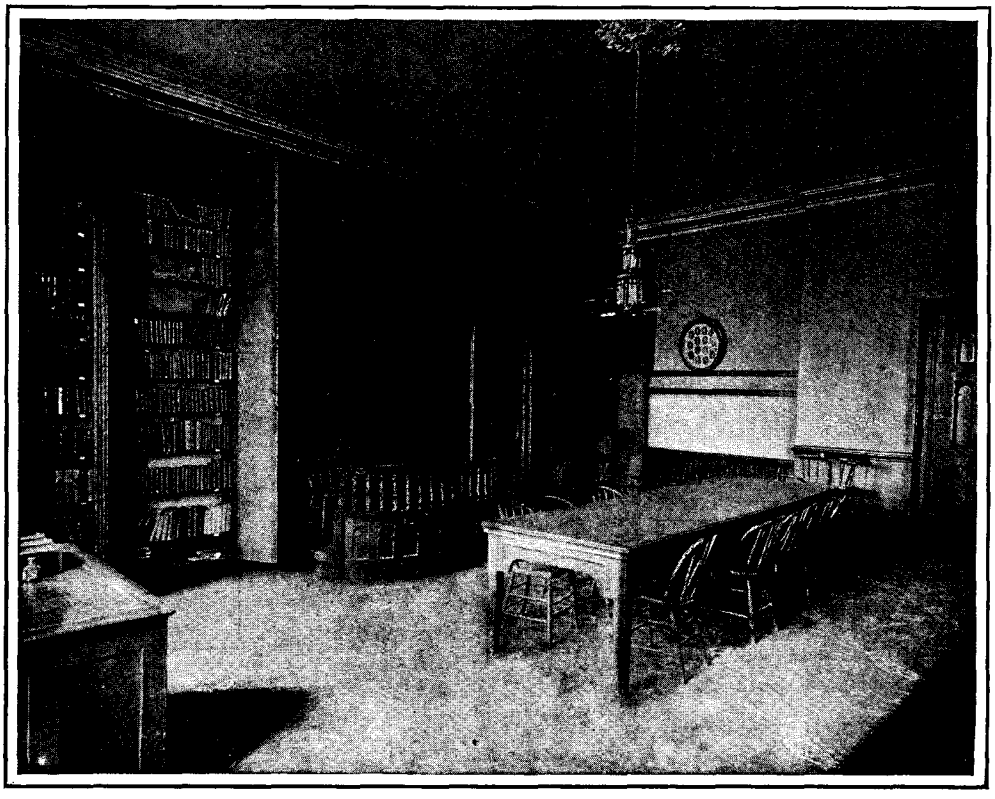
A GARGOYLE ON THE OLD BUILDING



THE OLD ORGAN IN THE CHAPEL



EUCLEIAN HALL

"I belonged to the Eucleian Society, which I believe still exists in a flourishing condition"

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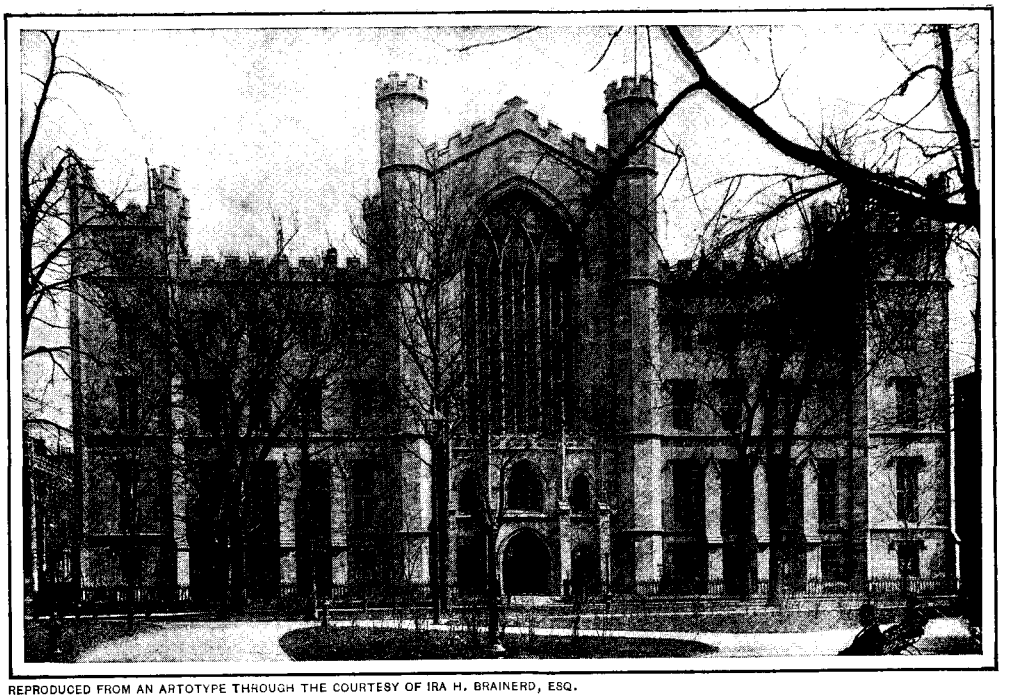

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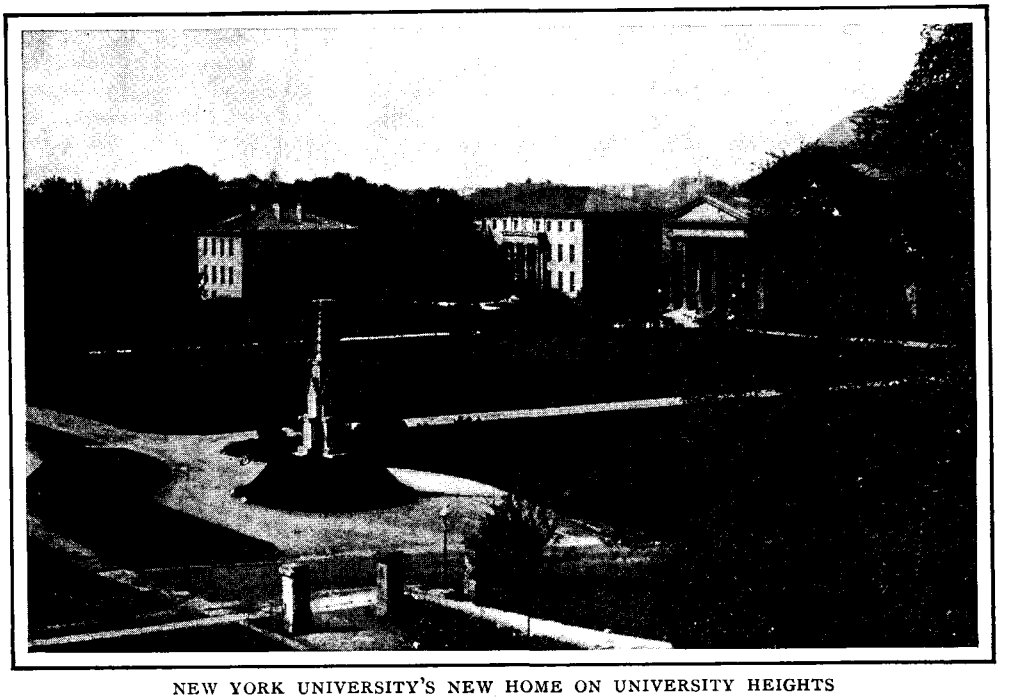
THE OLD UNIVERSITY BUILDING IN WASHINGTON SQUARE

The site of this edifice, which was demolished in 1894, is now occupied by a handsome building containing administrative offices of New York University



NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S NEW HOME ON UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS

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cine, or the ministry. I do not think any one of the members of my class looked forward to any other than one of these three careers. Engineering was not regarded as a learned profession, nor journalism, nor literature, nor music, nor art, nor acting, nor agriculture, nor teaching, nor business. For business what was needed was not education, but experience. Teaching was not a profession. Very few chose it as their life work. College professors frequently, college presidents almost uniformly, were clergymen who from choice or necessity had left the pulpit for the college chair; other teachers had generally taken up the work for bread-and-butter reasons or *en route* to something else. The farmer looked upon "book larnin'" with good-humored contempt, not without some justification, since the agricultural books and papers of that day were largely the work of academicians without practical experience. Literature, music, art, and the stage were thought to be only for bohemians, who were regarded as the unpractical estrays of life who could do nothing better than act, paint, play, and write stories. No equipment was thought necessary for the lower ranks in journalism, and no equipment was thought adequate for the higher ranks. Journalists, like poets, were born, not made. The Rensselaer Polytechnic School of Troy, New York, had been opened in 1824; another engineering school in connection with Union College about 1850; a school of agriculture in Michigan in the same year; a school of design in connection with the National Academy of Design in New York City in 1825; and doubtless there were other similar attempts to broaden the scope of education. But such attempts were the little-known and little-credited work of lonely pioneers. Music and art were taught in the finishing schools for girls; that is, the girl was taught to play a dozen pieces on the piano and to copy a crayon sketch set for her by her teacher. There were also occasional musical institutes, where lectures in harmony, composition, and the history of music were given; these were both interesting and inspiring, but could not serve the purpose of systematic and continuous class instruction.

Normal schools in America had been established by Horace Mann ten years before, but were as yet undeveloped; they were established against great opposition from teachers, who thought the educational appliances of the Puritan Fathers were good enough for their sons. There was, of course, neither a School of Journalism nor a School of Acting, both of which are very modern additions to the educational equipment of the country. In the public schools neither music, art, nor industrial training had any generally recognized place. It is true that as early as 1827 my father was instrumental in bringing Lowell Mason back to Boston from Savannah, Georgia, and introducing him to Boston as a teacher of music; true, also, that Lowell Mason even then contended that whoever could talk could learn to sing; and I have no doubt that there was somewhere at the same time some one who was insisting that it was as easy to teach the average child to express himself by the pencil and the brush as by the pen. But these exceptional men found few listeners and fewer followers.

The curriculum of the University of the City of New York then represented the average educational demand of the age. It had no musical department, no art gallery, no museum—historical, zoölogical, botanical, ethnological, or other. The name of Mr. S. F. B. Morse was printed in the catalogue as Professor of the Literature of the Art of Design, but he had become absorbed in his invention of the telegraph; I have no recollection of him as an instructor. The University taught Latin, Greek, mathematics, mental, moral, and political philosophy, and something of the natural sciences, the last exclusively by lectures. There were chapel exercises in oratory, and some instruction in rhetoric and composition. But I have no recollection of any instruction in English literature or in modern or mediæval history. French, Spanish, Italian, and German professors were announced in the catalogue, but I think these languages were extras and that the professors were called in from outside when there were any pupils for them to teach. I took one year of German. I made nothing out of it; but, as no one else made anything out of it, I venture the guess that the failure was not wholly my fault. The Greek department was in a disorganized condition during the first three years of my college course. In the fourth year the chair was taken by Dr. Howard Crosby, a great Greek scholar and a great teacher. But it was then too late to lay foundations and impossible to build a superstructure where no foundation had been laid. It was not too late, however, to inspire me with an admiration for the Greek language and the Greek literature, and to

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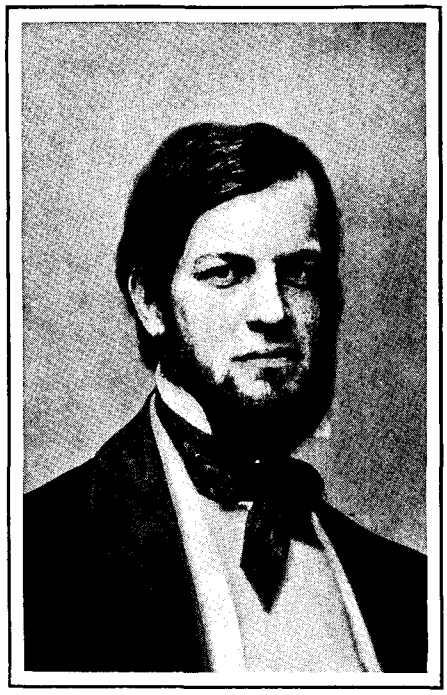
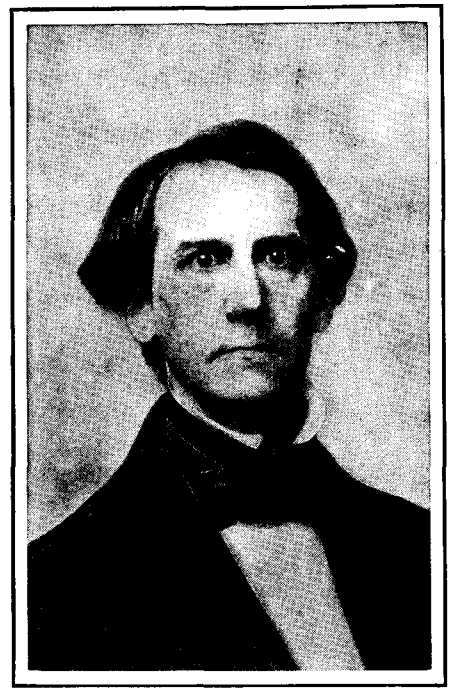


PROFESSOR HOWARD CROSBY

"Dr. Crosby became not only one of the heroes of my boyhood, but a lifelong friend"

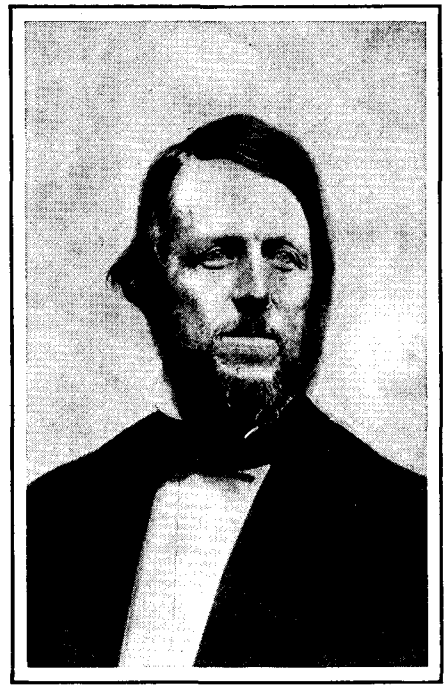


PROFESSOR ELIAS LOOMIS

He "knew by intuition whether a pupil understood a problem or was reciting it by memory"

PROFESSOR JOHN W. DRAPER

"Not only a great scientist but a man of broad culture"



PROFESSOR E. A. JOHNSON

"Professor Johnson was a great teacher"

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give me at least an impulse for the study of the New Testament Greek by myself, when seven years later I decided to enter the ministry. Dr. Crosby became not only one of the heroes of my boyhood, but my lifelong friend. Among my cherished possessions in my six volumes of autographs is the letter from him offering me in 1877 the degree of Doctor of Divinity. If it had not been for his letter, I think I should have declined the honor. But I had so much respect for his critical judgment and his absolute candor that I ventured to hope that his judgment of my scholarship was better than my own.

If a university is to be measured by the value of its material equipment, the New York University in 1850 must be regarded as a small college. But this is not the true measure of a university. Men from all over the world flock to Jena in order to get the instruction of Professor Rudolf Eucken. The four principal chairs in the New York University were occupied in 1850 by great teachers: Professors A. E. Johnson, in Latin; Elias Loomis, in Mathematics; John W. Draper, in Chemistry; and C. S. Henry, in Philosophy.

Professor E. A. Johnson is unknown to fame. But he was a great teacher. He thought in Latin. It was, I then believed and am now inclined to believe, a more familiar tongue to him than the English. Our standing was determined partly by the accuracy and thoroughness of our knowledge of grammatical construction, but quite as much by the kind of English into which the Latin author was converted. This fact is impressed on my memory by the following incident. A classmate by the name of Johnson had finished his rendering of an eloquent passage of Cicero into a hopeless jumble of English, and was greeted at the close with "That will do, sir. The self-conceited air with which H—— says 'Unprepared' is better than the blundering way in which Johnson reads Latin."

Johnson. Which Johnson, sir?

The class roared; Professor Johnson smiled and said, "I think the class will know," and called on the next pupil to recite.

To Professor Loomis I largely owe my appreciation of the truth that one does not know a principle because he has memorized the statement of it; he must also understand it. Professor Loomis seemed to know by intuition whether a pupil understood a problem or was reciting it from memory, a fact illustrated by one incident in my brother Austin's class. V. was called upon to recite the axioms, and began, quite glibly, "Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other."

Professor. How does that appear?

V. (supposing that a demonstration is expected of him). Why, sir, if there were two things, that is, if there were three things, that is, if one thing is equal to another and the other thing is equal to a third thing—that is to say—

Professor (interrupting). On the same principle, I suppose that things which are greater than the same thing are greater than each other.

V. (much relieved). Yes, sir, that's it.

Professor. That will do; you can take your seat.

It was perhaps from Professor Loomis that I learned the principle that not every truth can be demonstrated; that there are axioms—in philosophy as in mathematics—which must be assumed as a basis of all subsequent demonstration, and that if a disputant cannot understand or does not accept the axiom on which his opponent's argument is based, it is useless to continue the argument.

Professor Draper was not only a great scientist, but, as he afterward proved by his fascinating history of "The Intellectual Development of Europe," a man of broad culture. Nor had he the contempt which some scientists appear to have for the practical aspects of science. His experiments, following those of Daguerre, made the daguerreotype and the photograph practicable as a method of taking and preserving portraits. I have a photographer's copy of the first daguerreotype ever taken in this country. The sitter had to remain unmoved in bright sunshine for an hour, while the sun was with great deliberation drawing her portrait. Professor Draper succeeded in accelerating the process so that one or two minutes sufficed. I have reason to realize the service which he rendered to the world, since I have no portrait of my mother save a silhouette, because she died before the daguerreotype had been brought into use. Professor Draper was a brilliant experimenter, and a singularly lucid lecturer. If any one could have made a scientist of me, he could. But not even he could perform miracles.

The man to whom I owe an incalculable debt of gratitude was the Professor of Moral,

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Mental, and Political Philosophy—Dr. C. S. Henry. He also gave us instruction in rhetoric and oratory, though of that instruction I remember only two incidents: his counsel, "Gentlemen, never gesture with malice aforethought," a counsel which has not made me graceful on the platform, but has at least kept me from artificiality; and his satirical comment on the eloquent phrase of one of my classmates, "The time-worn face of the heavens," a comment which has served to make me dread finely turned phrases, which are to an oration what the scroll-saw work is to the houses built in San Francisco in the middle of the last century. He allowed great liberty in the class-room, but was nevertheless a good disciplinarian. Turning to one of my classmates who had overstepped the legitimate limits of liberty by his conversation with a companion, he effectually silenced him by the sentence, "L——, be still; or you'll rise from the dignity of a nuisance to that of a calamity." He was an Episcopal clergyman and an Arminian in his theology; and it was related of him that in a heated discussion with a Calvinistic colleague he brought the debate to a close with "T——, you are as much worse than an atheist as a bad God is worse than no God at all," a phrase which has often come back to me in reading an occasional sermon constructed for the purpose of frightening men into goodness. His sense of reality and his hatred of shams of all description appealed strongly to us college fellows. There was in my brother's class a man whom I will call B——. He was equally famous in the college community for his piety and his laziness. He had the reputation of never doing any work in any department, and I believe he did not graduate. On one occasion, when for the third or fourth day in succession he had responded to Dr. Henry's call with "Unprepared, sir," the Professor paused in the lesson, and something like the following colloquy occurred:

Professor. You are a member of the Church, aren't you?

B. Yes, sir.

Professor. A member of the Society of Inquiry?

B. Yes, sir.

Professor. Always at church on Sunday?

B. Yes, sir.

Professor. Always at the class prayer-meeting?

B. Yes, sir.

Professor. Think yourself pious, don't you?

B. (beginning to be alarmed). I—er—hope so, sir.

Professor. Yes! You're a member of the Church, and a member of the Society of Inquiry, and always at church and always at the class prayer-meeting, and think yourself pious, and *never* study a lesson. Well! I can see through that piety; and I guess the Lord's as far-sighted as I am.

I am tempted to draw my pen through these incidents, lest they give the reader a false impression of a man whom I think one of the greatest teachers I have ever known. In most colleges in 1850 the students were furnished with a philosophy ready made which they were expected to accept and carry with them into life. This was true even in Harvard. "The college," says Senator Hoar in his autobiography, "had rejected the old Calvinistic creed of New England and substituted in its stead the strict Unitarianism of Dr. Ware and Andrews Norton—a creed in its substance hardly more tolerant or liberal than that which it had supplanted." Uniformly theological students were equipped in their seminaries with a theology which they were subsequently to retail to their congregation. Thus in the Congregational denomination there was an Andover theology, a New Windsor theology, a New Haven theology, an Oberlin theology. In one young ladies' school, at a much later period, a pupil in Butler's "Analogy" asked the teacher if the class was expected to recite in the words of the book, and received the sarcastic reply that if she thought she could improve on Bishop Butler's words she was permitted to do so. Dr. Henry was a pioneer in the new school of teaching. His object was not to teach us a philosophy, but to develop in us power to think philosophically. He was comparatively indifferent to what conclusions we came, so that the conclusions were our own. In political economy I never owned the text-book, but I bought John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy," and I discussed politico-economic problems with my classmates, my brothers, any one who would discuss with me; and I should have stood at the head of my class had I not been asked one day to give an account of the Bank of Scotland, and I did not even know that Scotland had a bank. My zero that day brought my standing down. In mental philosophy I cannot even remember what our text-book was; but I remember reading in Hume, Stewart,

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Sir William Hamilton, and Upham. To know what a text-book said counted for very little with Dr. Henry; how little is indicated by his characterization of one of our text-books: "Dr. —— thinks he thinks a great deal, but he does not think at all." To have reached a definite conviction, to be able to state that conviction clearly, and to defend it vigorously against opposition, was what he demanded of us. In short, his object was not to give us information, but to equip us with power.

My indebtedness to Dr. Henry I can never adequately express. I do not know whether he has any descendants living.[1] If there are any, I hope these lines may fall under their eyes and express to them the gratitude I never expressed to him. Temperamentally from earliest childhood disinclined to submit my intellect to any authority, always willing to listen, but always wishing to consider, weigh, and determine for myself what I heard, I found in Dr. Henry's class-room the same joy which an athlete finds in his athletics. Whatever power I have had in my after life to think problems through to a conclusion, to state with clearness that conclusion when I have reached it, and to defend it against critics, I owe, so far as I can judge, first to inheritance and training received from my father, and second to the intellectual discipline received in the New York University from Dr. Henry.

The New York University was, as I have said, one of the smaller American colleges. In its material equipment, the size of its faculty, the number of subjects taught, and the number of students attending, it did not compare with other Eastern universities of that time, such as Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. I suppose in these respects it did not compare with Columbia University, though as to that I do not know. For we New York University boys looked down upon Columbia University as a college attended only by aristocrats with fancy canes and kid gloves, and on the College of the City of New York as a kind of upper high school, intended for boys who could not afford a *real* education. From which I judge that boy prejudices in 1850 were very like boy prejudices in all ages.

But if the New York University was inferior in size and material equipment, one incident in my experience led me to the conclusion that it was not greatly inferior in its standards of education. I wanted more college life than the University gave me. My brother Vaughan was to graduate in 1850, my brother Austin in 1851, so that during the last two years of my college life I should not have their companionship. At the end of my freshman year I visited both Yale and Princeton for the purpose of deciding whether I would not transfer myself to one or the other of those colleges. From this I infer that, as my father left me to decide *whether* I would go to college, so he left me to decide to what college I would go. I found that to enter either Yale or Princeton I should have to drop back a year; that is, at the end of my freshman year in New York I should have to enter the freshman class in either Princeton or Yale. To a boy of fifteen a year seems a very long time, and I resolved to remain where I was.

And I am not sorry. Perhaps it is a graduate's natural admiration for his Alma Mater, but, judging from the accounts of Yale given by Andrew D. White in his autobiography, and of Harvard by Senator Hoar in his autobiography, I have no reason to repent my decision. "In Yale," says Dr. White, "to the lower classes the instruction was given almost entirely by tutors who took up teaching for breadwinning while going through the Divinity School." We had no tutors in New York, but came at once under the personal influence and inspiration of teachers devoted to their profession. "It amazes me to remember," he says, "that during a considerable portion of our senior year no less a man than Woolsey gave instruction in history by hearing men recite the words of a text-book." In the New York University we had, so far as I recall, no text-book recitations. In the four principal courses—Latin, mathematics, philosophy, and natural science—we were questioned, never to ascertain what we could recite, but what we understood. "In Harvard," says Senator Hoar, "there were during the last three years declamations once a month, where the boy recited some piece of prose or poetry in the presence of the class, but with very little instruction or criticism from a professor." Unless my memory fails me, we had no declamations in New York; but we had to give original orations, and the kind of criticism we received I have already indicated. Says Senator Hoar on another page: "There was nothing in the teaching of Latin or Greek to

[1] Since this was written inquiries have brought to our knowledge a daughter of Professor Henry, Miss Louise Henry, through whose kindness we obtained the photograph of Professor Henry printed with this installment. —THE EDITORS.

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inspire the student with any love of Latin or Greek literature. The professor never pointed out its beauties or illumined the text in any way." In New York our Professor Johnson laid at least as much stress on a good rendering as on a knowledge of the grammatical construction, and I acquired under his instruction an admiration for Cicero as a stylist which I have not lost to this day. Nor was that all. It was largely due to his influence that I acquired in college the habit of reading English authors for their style as well as for their ideas—a habit which has made it a delight to me to read authors as diverse in both thought and style as Matthew Arnold and Carlyle, Ruskin and Macaulay, Burke and John Stuart Mill, simply to see with what consummate skill they use their tools.

In one important respect there was a radical difference between life at Yale and life at the New York University. At Yale three hundred boys were brought together, freed from the restraints of home; and no college rules and no college discipline could adequately take the place of home life and home influence. Put three hundred boys together in one camp, however housed and guarded, and the vices of the few and the animal spirits of the many are sure to transgress the bounds of orderly behavior. My lifelong friend James M. Whiton graduated from Yale in 1853, the same year in which I graduated from the New York University. In a letter to me, written at my request, he has given me a description of some of the features of college life at Yale, from which I quote:

> The moral life of the College was much less orderly then than now. Just before my time a tutor who interfered with the midnight sophomore orgy, "The Burial of Euclid," had been fatally shot. The smashing of tutors' windows was a frequent nocturnal outrage in my time. Duplicate window sashes were kept on hand for immediate use. The "damages" were regularly assessed on the whole student body in their term bills.
>
> Provision for religious life before the birth of the Young Men's Christian Association depended largely on the initiative of the more earnest Christian students. These organized "class prayer-meetings," held regularly every week, were well attended. Every class had its committee for this, and in senior year this committee officiated at the monthly communion in chapel as the recognized "deacons" of the church. "The Church of Christ in Yale College," of which the Faculty formed the nucleus received students to membership by confession of faith or by letter. It held its weekly meeting on Friday evenings, the College pastor presiding. But the great prayer-meeting of the week was held on Sunday evenings immediately after tea for the whole student body, to which the impressive fatherly talks given by Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich were remarkably attractive. I do not believe that the claims of religion are now more influentially presented than they were then, when the word "agnostic" had not been coined, nor had Spencer been recognized as prophet of the unknowable.
>
> Before me lies a pamphlet entitled "Laws of Yale College," dated 1848. It was given me on my entrance in 1849. Its list of *mala prohibita* was severe enough to rouse the *nitimur in vetitum* that we read of in Ovid. Billiards, cards, dice, treats or entertainments, presence or acting at any theatrical entertainment in New Haven, and sailing a boat beyond the limit of New Haven harbor, were all interdicted; even sailing within the harbor except by permission of a tutor. In my time all of these were treated freely as a dead letter. Any student who should "profess or propagate unbelief in the divine authority of Holy Scripture" was to be expelled if not amenable to admonition. The only approach to this was in the case of a graduate in the class of 1856, a member of the College church, who was excommunicated several years afterwards for having controverted in public addresses in New Haven the doctrine of everlasting punishment for every one not converted in this life to Christ. These addresses drew crowds. I heard one or more of them, but was impressed by them only as a bold display of oratorical talent.

We had in the New York University neither the advantages nor the disadvantages of this college life. There were class prayer-meetings, but I do not think they exerted any influence on the life of the college. There were compulsory college prayers, but they were largely perfunctory. There were of course no Sabbath services, and there was no religious organization comparable to a college church; though there was a "Society of Inquiry," an ineffective equivalent of the modern Christian Association. There was no effective attempt to regulate conduct outside of college walls. While preparing this chapter I discovered in an old catalogue of the University a rule which forbade "frequenting of billiard-rooms, taverns, and other places of corrupting influences;" but I doubt whether I knew of its existence when I was in college, and I am quite sure that there was no such surveillance as would be necessary

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to enforce it. I habitually took my meals in restaurants and often in English chop houses, which were called "taverns," and which were common in that day, though they have almost entirely disappeared now. And I never suspected that I was violating any rule by so doing. We did not know where our professors lived; that they did not know where we lived I judged from the fact that I repeatedly changed my residence during my four years of college life, and was never asked to report the change. We could eat and drink and amuse ourselves as we pleased, so long as we behaved ourselves with propriety in the three or four hours under the college roof. And I am quite sure that any one of our class could have written and published an essay to prove that Christ is a myth and God a fable of the poets, and no one in the Faculty would have called him to account for it, unless it had been scandalously blasphemous. Yes! Dr. Henry might have called him to account; but it would only have been to make him read his thesis before the class and defend it against all objection, or else acknowledge it to be indefensible.

I do not think there were any optionals in the New York University except perhaps modern languages. Everything else was prescribed; but neither were there required readings, and the prescribed courses were such that a fairly studious pupil could fulfill all the obligations needed for honorable graduation, and still find time for optional courses of study provided by himself. In this respect the New York University was like other American colleges of that time—Amherst, for example, where Henry Ward Beecher did some of his best work outside of college studies, and Harvard, where Phillips Brooks acquired much of his broad cultural scholarship by unprescribed courses of reading. I found time to read Macaulay's "History of England," which was in course of publication during my college years, and read it with quite as much avidity as the novels of Dickens, which were also appearing in monthly numbers. Macaulay inspired me with the desire to know more of English history, and I read Hume, and then Hallam's "Constitutional History," and did a little reading in Smollet and Clarendon. At this time also I read some of my father's English histories. Thus I laid the foundation of a knowledge of English history which has served me a good purpose since in my editorial work, and, supplemented as it has been by subsequent studies, especially in Froude and Green, might have made me a reputable scholar in English history if I had trained my memory; but in my reaction against the memoriter methods pursued in the schools of that day I acquired an unfortunate contempt for all exercises designed to strengthen the memory.

I also laid out for myself a course in theology. I desired to hold the New England faith of my ancestors, but I could not and would not accept their faith unless I knew reasons which justified its acceptance. I had come, not to disbelieve, but to doubt all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity except the immortality of the individual and the existence of God. I bought Bishop Pearson's "Exposition of the Creed," and, with this as a guide, took up one by one the articles of the Apostles' Creed and made some excursions into other books than Pearson, in search for arguments to support this primitive faith of the Christian Church. This study must have been somewhat discursive and superficial, since now I can recall only one of the books so studied as producing any profound influence. This was Edwards on "The Freedom of the Will," the study of which, as thoughtfully and carefully pursued as was possible for a boy not yet seventeen years of age, determined my theological thinking from that day to this.

It will not be expected that in a paragraph I should attempt either to describe or to discuss that immortal work, probably the greatest contribution made to theological thought by any American scholar; but I may in a paragraph intimate the influence this work exerted upon my own thought and character. "Edwards on the Freedom of the Will" impressed me then, and impresses me now, as the work of a great logician who dealt with philosophy of the mind as he would deal with a mathematical problem. I could not see that he had made any preliminary study of actual human experience, or any endeavor to deduce his philosophy of human nature from a study of human nature as it actually exists. The conclusion which he reached was for me overturned by the single sentence of Dr. Johnson to Boswell: "We know that we are free, and there's an end on't." If I granted Edwards's premises that the act of the will is an effect, I could see no escape from his conclusion that in the will there is no freedom. I denied Edwards's premises, and therefore I denied alike the conclusion of the mechanical scientist and of the Calvin-

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istic theologian. How fully I thought out at that time my philosophy of the will I am not able with certainty to state, but substantially the conclusion was then reached on which my whole religious teaching has since been founded.

The act of the will is not an effect; it is produced by no cause. There is, and must be, such a thing as an original cause. Man's will is an original cause; it is itself uncaused. It is influenced, but not controlled. In this respect man shares with his heavenly Father in what may properly be called creative power. The alternative which Jonathan Edwards put as a conclusive argument against the self-determining power of the will I accepted. The future is not in all its details predetermined by God nor by previous events. And as it is not predetermined, so neither is it foreknown. There is a real uncertainty in life. What seems to the average man to be true is true. While the greatest and most important events in our life are determined for us, such as, Shall I be born in the first century or in the twentieth century, in Africa or in America, of pagan or of Christian parents, there is a certain range in which nothing is determined for me but I am left to make my own determinations, as my earthly father left me to determine the question whether or not I would go to college; and within this range and only within this range am I responsible for my conduct or its consequences. Because of the conclusion thus early reached in my life, I accepted without hesitation the new school theology of Dr. Lyman Beecher and Dr. Charles G. Finney, and later welcomed with enthusiasm the philosophic teaching of Henri Bergson, who carried this doctrine a step further, in interpreting God himself as a Being of changing will, though of changeless purpose. It is perhaps for this reason that I have been regarded with suspicion as a heretic by my Calvinistic and semi-Calvinistic brethren.

But to possess power is useless unless one uses the power which he possesses. Almost simultaneously with my study of Edwards on "The Freedom of the Will" I fell in with John Foster's essay on "Decision of Character." Physically feeble, naturally timid, unwilling to take responsibility, this essay of less than sixty pages inspired me to attempt a practical application in my own life of the principle which I had intellectually acquired from my study of Jonathan Edwards. I set myself to attain the courage necessary to use the creative power with which I believed God had endowed me. To describe in detail the process of this self-education would take me too far from my present purpose in this chapter. It must suffice to say that it included these steps: A conviction that I could not, if I would, throw off upon others the responsibility for my own choice; that I might wisely take counsel from others for my conscience, but I could not rightly submit my conscience to the control of others; that every man must give account of himself to God, not only in a final day of judgment, but every day and for every voluntary act of his life; that when questions were presented they must therefore be carefully considered, the pros and cons carefully weighed, as a court of final appeal would weigh the pros and cons of a case submitted to it, but that when a decision was reached there must be no reconsideration of the question unless new facts before unknown are presented to the mind. Every *real* decision must be a *final* decision and must not be made until the individual is willing it should be final; that though evils may result from an erroneous decision, no decision is quite so bad as indecision, no mistaken course of conduct quite so injurious as infirmity of will and vacillation of purpose.

More important in its effect upon my character than any book I read or any single teacher in the University was the influence of my two older brothers, Benjamin Vaughan and Austin, and it was all the more important because neither were they conscious of exerting it nor was I conscious of being affected by it. They were my comrades from the day of my entrance on college life in 1849 to the day of my leaving their office for the ministry in 1859, nor did their comradeship cease then. It was interrupted by my five years' absence in the West; but when I returned to the East and became the pastor of a little, struggling Congregational church in New York City, they cast in their lot with mine and did all that brothers could do to make my pastorate a success. My brother Austin left the Broadway Tabernacle to become a deacon in the new church enterprise; my brother Vaughan left Plymouth Church to organize and lead the choir. When the church enterprise failed and I retreated from the city to Cornwall to devote myself to literary work, their comradeship did not cease. And when I returned, seventeen years later, to take the pastorate of Plymouth Church,

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in Brooklyn, it was through my brother Vaughan's suggestion, or that of his wife, I am not sure which, that I was invited to supply that historic pulpit, and as long as his health continued he and his family were my loyal supporters and wise counselors. This comradeship ended only with the death of my brothers—of Benjamin Vaughan in 1890, and of Austin in 1896.

My brother Austin, four years my senior, acted as my guardian in college. He had a good business head—poise, caution, thrift, and a good sense of proportion. Thanks to him, I never overran my allowance. Later he became my father's business agent in dealing with publishers, and after my father's death he was found to be the executor of his will. He must have had tact, for it is not easy for an older brother to act *in loco parentis* to a younger brother, and yet I cannot remember that there was ever any disagreement between us, and I was not wholly lacking in independence of spirit nor always placid in temper. He had a scholar's temperament. In college a classmate proposed to him a joint study of their mathematics—algebra, I think. There was no key to the algebra we studied in college. When my brother went to the classmate's room, he found that his classmate had procured the keys to half a dozen other algebras, and proposed to get by their aid all the answers he could and to assign to my brother the task of working out the other problems as his share in the partnership. The partnership ended at the close of that hour.

When my brother Austin graduated, he hesitated between making law or music his profession, and music always remained with him as an avocation. I do not think he would have made a great composer, though he wrote some unpublished church tunes; but he would have made a successful musical leader or a successful teacher of music. He carried his scholarly tastes into the law, became widely known for his legal scholarship, was a lawyer's lawyer, consulted by his professional brethren in difficult legal problems, and often prepared briefs for them, though he rarely argued cases in court himself. In the celebrated Beecher trial he was one of the counsel, and his orderly mind enabled him to keep the testimony so indexed and cross-indexed that at any moment in the trial Mr. Evarts, the senior counsel, could lay his hand on any testimony of any witness or any ruling of the judge on any topic without any material delay in the proceedings. This index enabled me afterward to prepare a pamphlet on "The Uncontradicted Testimony in the Beecher Case" and to write a two-page article for "Harper's Weekly" on the case, both of which publications I have reason for thinking rendered some service in clearing away the suspicion which the disagreement of the jury in that case left in the public mind.

He was Dean of the New York University Law School, which indeed he created or re-created, I am not sure which. His law books acquired a National reputation and are still in demand. Up to the day of his death he was to me both friend and counselor. When I needed to borrow money on a mortgage to build my house, it was he who secured it for me; it was he who made to me a wise suggestion that most people do not wish to hear two sermons on a Sunday, but that there are many who wish information on religious subjects, a suggestion which led me to give in Plymouth Church the course of Sunday Evening Lectures which were afterwards rewritten in the five volumes, "The Evolution of Christianity," "The Theology of an Evolutionist," "Christianity and Social Problems," "The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews," and "The Life and Letters of Paul," and which on Sunday evenings changed a congregation which prior to these courses filled hardly more than a third of the church into congregations which crowded it to the doors. In my editorial work I constantly consulted him on the legal aspects of public questions, and his professional counsels gave to The Outlook, then the "Christian Union," a standing on such questions with the legal fraternity which lay journals rarely attain.

My brother Vaughan was of a very different temperament. He was an original, and had that spontaneity of intellectual life which we are accustomed to regard as one of the characteristics of genius. I should say that he was something of a bohemian, were it not that this phrase might suggest to some minds a disregard of the moralities of life, and that would not be true. I should say that he was a "son of liberty," were it not that this phrase might suggest a lawless spirit, and that would not be true. He was less a scholar and more a creator than my brother Austin. He had no mind for the hair-splitting which is supposed in some quarters to be the characteristic of a successful lawyer, and no great reverence for

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mere tradition, which is supposed in other quarters to constitute legal ability. But beneath the confusing currents and cross-currents of thought which characterize most controversies he had the power to see clearly the really fundamental principles involved. In this respect his mind seemed to me Websterian in its character. Some illustrations of this ability will be indicated in the next chapter. Perhaps it is a brother's partiality, but I think he might have made a notable success in the argument of great questions before the Court of Appeals or the Supreme Court of the United States. But he had no interest in the details which must be mastered in the trial of causes in the court below, and personal controversy of any description was his pet aversion. He could not even play games with any pleasure, because the contest of skill with an opponent, which is an essential element of interest in all games, was distasteful to him; he was equally unwilling to beat or to be beaten.

When I left the firm of Abbott Brothers, in 1859, he had no inclination to find another to take my place, and gave up the practice of law for law editorship and authorship. A growing impairment of his hearing would perhaps have necessitated his abandonment of court practice even if I had remained his partner. It made his naturally sensitive soul supersensitive, drove him from the bar and from the social circle, and made the later years of his life years of comparative isolation. But this did not check his interest in human questions; his spirit of comradeship remained after his power to give it expression had waned, and his exuberant humor, which would have made him a successful contributor to an American "Punch" if there had been any American "Punch" to contribute to, failed only with his failing health. From his unpublished writings, some of which have been kept as a memorial, I select one here to illustrate this phase of his character. My brother Edward had complained that Vaughan had not written to him. In reply he wrote four defenses in different literary forms, one of them in the form of a sermon.

"(Old fashioned sermon style.)
"*Text.* 2 Ep. John, 12.

"*Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink; but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face.*

"*Firstly*, my hearers, this passage teaches the wrongfulness of the worldly practice of writing letters. Our text divides into three heads: 1. The temptation to write letters—'having many things to write.' 2. The resolve not to write—'I would not write with paper and ink.' 3. The true substitute, viz., *a personal* visit—'I trust to come unto you.'

"*Secondly.* The Gospel, my hearers, explicitly forbids the disciples to write letters; even to a brother. In the Sermon on the Mount it is said, 'Leave thy gift before the altar, and *Go* be reconciled to thy brother.' (Matt. v. 24.) And again we are told: 'If thy brother trespass against thee, *Go* and tell him his fault.' (Matt. xviii. 15.) Neither to avoid interrupting the temple services (in the first passage) nor when (in the second) anticipation of controversy seems to make a written record desirable, is it permitted to communicate with a brother by letter. One *must go and speak in person.*

"*Thirdly.* The negative argument from the gospels, my dear hearers, sustains this view. It is not recorded that Jesus ever wrote a letter. He often and sternly denounced the *Scribes.* No word of his can be wrested into an encouragement of correspondence by mail, or a concession that a postal service could exist, under the Gospel dispensation. Not one word of aid or counsel did he ever address to postmasters or letter-carriers.

"*Fourthly.* The practice of apostolic times, my friends, sustains our exposition. *The apostles wrote no letters.* They wrote *epistles:* but never letters. At the council of Jerusalem, while they did indeed reduce their views to writing, they sent Judas and Silas to communicate those views orally. (Acts xv. 27.) When Paul was arrested at Jerusalem, the chief captain Lysias wrote a letter to Felix delineating the case; but Paul went in person to make his defense. (Acts xxiv. 10.) The passage 'Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you' is doubtless a mistranslation; for Paul elsewhere (II Cor. x. 9, 10) declares he 'would not terrify you by letters;' and repudiates the aspersion that 'his letters truly are weighty and powerful.' John, indeed, in the Revelation was told to write to the Angels of the Seven Churches; but observe, 1. He was told to write in a *book.* (Rev. i. 11.) 2. Being angels, a personal visit was impossible. 3. This was an exceptional divine command and affords no rule for ordinary conduct.

"*Fifthly.* During the early centuries of the Christian Church, letters, as is well known,

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were almost abandoned. It was not until modern times that the practice was renewed, and what is known as the *Revival of Letters* took place.

"*Sixthly.* We will continue this subject, my dear hearers, this afternoon, with a few words of personal application."

My brother Austin inspired in me the desire to have an orderly mind and to carry order and system into my life's work. My brother Vaughan inspired me with the desire to see in all controversies what is the real and fundamental question at issue, and not to take life so seriously as to incapacitate me from relieving the tensity of some situations and the irritation of others by an appreciation of the essential humor in life.

I had not the same comradeship with my brother Edward. He was six years my junior. While I was in college he was away at boarding-school, or with our Aunt Sallucia, who was as a foster mother to him. We met only in vacations. After he graduated from the New York University, in 1860, he went to Andover Theological Seminary, and, after the usual three years' course, took up his residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts, first as a Congregational pastor, afterwards as an Episcopal rector, while I lived always in New York. As he was an Episcopalian and I was a Congregationalist, we never met at ecclesiastical gatherings. Temperamentally we were very dissimilar. He was interested in the past, I in the future; he in what had been done, I in what remained to do; he was naturally conservative, I naturally progressive; he was a Churchman, I was independent even for a Congregationalist. He once said to me, "There is nothing so glorious as preaching the Gospel, except administering the sacraments." I am so much of a Quaker that, while I appreciate the value of the sacraments to the great majority of worshipers, they appeal to me as an expression of spiritual experience less than prayer and praise and instruction, and I value them rather for the good they do to others than for any direct spiritual benefit which I am conscious of receiving from them myself.

Yet in writing these reminiscences I count myself to be writing in partnership with my brother Edward. For I have been peculiarly dependent, especially in the preparation of these earlier chapters, on the collection of books, manuscripts, and papers relating to the Abbott family which he made during the later years of his life and gave to Bowdoin College shortly before his death. So that, while I am not conscious of having been greatly influenced in my life by him, he has greatly aided me in writing this account of that life.

This chapter on my college education would not be complete without supplementing it by a reference to two individuals whose influence exercised a profound influence on my character.

On account of my health I was under the necessity of frequent consultation with Dr. Willard Parker. He was an earnest Christian man and as much interested in preserving health as in curing disease. He was in this respect in advance of his times. He impressed me with the truth that the laws of health are as much the laws of God as are the Ten Commandments, and that it is as truly a sin to violate the laws of health as to violate the Ten Commandments. He enlisted my conscience on the side of my physical well-being, and made food, rest, exercise, and bathing as sacred a duty as reading the Bible, going to church, and prayer. Next to the watchful care of my wife I owe it to Dr. Willard Parker that at seventy-eight years of age, though without the physical enthusiasm and elasticity of youth, I am in better health than I was at seventeen.

The influence on my spirit exercised by Dr. Stephen H. Tyng was scarcely less than the influence exerted on my health by Dr. Willard Parker and on my intellectual power by Dr. Henry. Except for occasional sermons I had never heard preaching which inspired in me any life until I came to New York. It is perhaps the recollection of this fact that makes me less inclined to condemn non-church-goers than I otherwise should be. By what chance I happened in at St. George's Church the first year I was in New York I do not know. Dr. Tyng was preaching a series of sermons to young men on the life of David. From my subsequent reading of his life and of a volume of his sermons I judge that this particular series was not characterized by any extraordinary Biblical scholarship, and certainly not by any theological novelty, but it was characterized by what was to me a very novel realism. Dr. Tyng himself was, every inch of him, a soldier—brave, chivalric, confident in his faith, vigorous in his physical, mental, and spiritual life.

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I found my mother's English Prayer-Book, and began to attend St. George's regularly, first enduring the service for the sake of the sermon, then learning to love it for its literary and spiritual beauty. I had always thought of religion as obedience to a moral law. Dr. Tyng first inspired me with the experience which later developed into a philosophy that religion is a spontaneous life. I desired to have the kind of courage, of spiritual devotion, of sorrow for sin, of resolute purpose of amendment, of companionship with God, which Dr. Tyng expressed in his interpretation of David's life.

The text of one of his sermons to young men, one not in the series on David, has remained with me throughout my life, though the sermon itself has long since been forgotten. It was an evening sermon to young men. His text was, "Run, speak to that young man." Who the young man was and why the prophet should speak to him I do not recall, nor do I remember anything whatever about the sermon. I remember only the importance of "getting busy," of moving quickly, of throwing off apathy, indifference, hesitation, delay, if I would accomplish anything in life. I have comforted myself many times in my preaching by recalling that incident, and by the hope that the influence of a text and of the personal influence of the preacher who pronounced it may survive in the life of some auditor long after the sermon is forgotten. I remember one notable call on Dr. Tyng in his study. On the walls were hanging the portraits of men eminent in the past. I looked at them with interest. "These," he said, "are my friends. I consult with them when difficulties arise. I get inspiration to my faith from them when doubts darken my path, and to courage when dangers confront me." Among them was a portrait of John Calvin. He answered my inquiring look. "Yes," he said, "I am a Calvinist for the same reason that the old woman in the poorhouse was a Calvinist. When Wesleyanism was an innovation and Wesley came that way and preached a sermon, and her companions asked her after the service what she thought of it, 'Not much,' she replied. 'I know that God chose me before he saw me, for he never would have chosen me arterward.'" I wonder if a chief value of Calvinism is not that it promotes this spirit of humility.

One other incident, insignificant in itself, but significant upon my life, remains to be mentioned in summing up this educational period. Aided by some instruction from my brother Vaughan, I had taught myself to play the organ and to read simple church music. In my senior year I added a little to my income by playing in an Episcopal church in one of the suburbs of New York City. I went out on Saturday afternoon, played at the rehearsal, remained over the Sabbath, and returned to my college work on Monday morning. During the Sabbath I was the guest of the rector. I was just at that age when a young man is prepared to discuss any theme with any person, and I had many a debate with the rector on theological and ecclesiastical questions. I had not yet united with the Church, and was seriously thinking of uniting with the Episcopal Church, although it would involve a seeming departure from the Puritan faith of my fathers. In the discussion with the rector, who stood stoutly for the apostolical succession, he told me that my father and uncles had sinned in preaching the Gospel without apostolical ordination, but would be forgiven because they had done so in ignorance. That determined for me that the Episcopal Church could not be my home, and in the spring of that year I united with the Presbyterian church which my father and my Uncle Gorham attended. I then supposed the rector represented the doctrine of the Episcopal Church. I have since learned that he represented the doctrine only of a party in that Church—a doctrine which, in my mature judgment, accords neither with its traditions nor its standards, nor with the teaching of the New Testament, on which both are supposed to be founded.

My two brothers had graduated from the New York University and had entered the practice of law. My brother Vaughan had a vision of a firm of Abbott Brothers, in which the different functions of the lawyer should be portioned out between us three. This vision appealed to my imagination and to my ambition. My boyhood dreams of the ministry disappeared, and on my graduation in 1853 I followed my brothers into the law.

In the next chapter Dr. Abbott describes his experiences in the law with his brothers

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MR. ROOSEVELT AT THE MUSEO SOCIAL

It was on the invitation of this society that Mr. Roosevelt was led to consider his visit to South America. Before the society he delivered an address on "Democratic Ideals"

From left to right, Mr. Tomas Amadeo, Secretary of the Museo Social; Mr. Roosevelt; Dr. Frers, President of the Museo Social

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BUENOS AIRES: A FINE MODERN CAPITAL

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE OUTLOOK
BY THE BUENOS AIRES PERIODICAL "DE CARAS Y CARETAS"

ON November 5 we reached Buenos Aires, and were received, not merely with cordiality, but with enthusiasm. Indeed, the friendly interest of the crowds in the streets made me feel as if I were in a political campaign at home. Twice I had to address these crowds in the streets. Of course I spoke in English, but, as my addresses were very short, and as I spoke slowly, clearly, and with emphasis, it was evident that a portion of the audience understood what I said, and all the rest cheered with as much enthusiasm as if they did understand.

No one can help being immensely impressed by Buenos Aires. It is one of the typical modern capitals, standing in the list of the great cities of the modern world in company with Vienna and Budapest, Berlin, Paris, London, New York, and Chicago. It has a great future, and the Argentine has a great future.

Buenos Aires is both a charming and a beautiful city. Sometimes unwise admirers call it "the Little Paris." It is never, in my judgment, well to call anything the something of somewhere else; to do so is usually the mark of a provincial mind without self-reliance; but, if this kind of comparison is allowable at all, then Buenos Aires should be called, not "the Little Paris," but "the Paris of the New World," for but a few years will go by before it surpasses Paris in population, as it already does in the extent of territory built up within the municipality. Paris has a charm all its own; and it is always unwise for the citizens of any city, also with a charm of its own, to speak as if it were only a copy of an older city, especially so in this case, as in certain vital characteristics the citizens of the new city can well afford to assert that it stands ahead, not only of Paris, but of all the great cities of both Europe and the United States. There is no need of making such sweeping nomenclatural comparisons at all, as I hope we of the United States are gradually ourselves discovering. By all means find out what specific things in any foreign place should be either copied or avoided, but do not make sweeping statements, and do not call something native by the name of something foreign.

Driving around over the immense extent of Buenos Aires, I was impressed with the obvious increase in the pleasure of living which its buildings and, above all, the innumerable gardens represented. There are many public parks, most of them still only newly planted. There are also many private gardens. Even the little houses have them, and the back yards are beautifully kept bits of greenery instead of, as is too often the case in our own cities, noisome abominations. The workingmen, the artisans, and the small shopkeepers very frequently, perhaps usually, own their houses. As for the great houses, I was much struck both by the wealth and, on the whole, by the taste of their proprietors. I saw houses larger than any in which, as far as I know, any of our own multi-millionaires dwell, and, although they were in this great city, they were surrounded by gardens that were beautiful pleasure-grounds. One such house impressed me because of the way in which the owner had made use of the dead wall of the house that bounded the garden on the other side. In our country it would have been left as an unsightly dead wall. In this case, on the contrary, it was taken into the general scheme of ornamentation, and was transformed into an additional attraction of the garden.

The climate is much milder than with us, and I saw little or no trace of grinding poverty, although of course, as in any other great city, it is easy enough to find what is vicious and degrading and unlovely, this equally among the idle poor and the idle rich, especially when the idleness is by preference. The city is excellently cleaned, policed, paved, and lighted.

The city itself and the men whom I met gave a strong impression of power, of energy, of self-confident strength, and of belief in their future. I had come down from New York with the Argentine Rifle Team which had just won the world's championship; the army is alert, hard-working, efficient; and the capital naval officers whom I met were evidently well trained, and were eagerly looking forward to the advent of the two great

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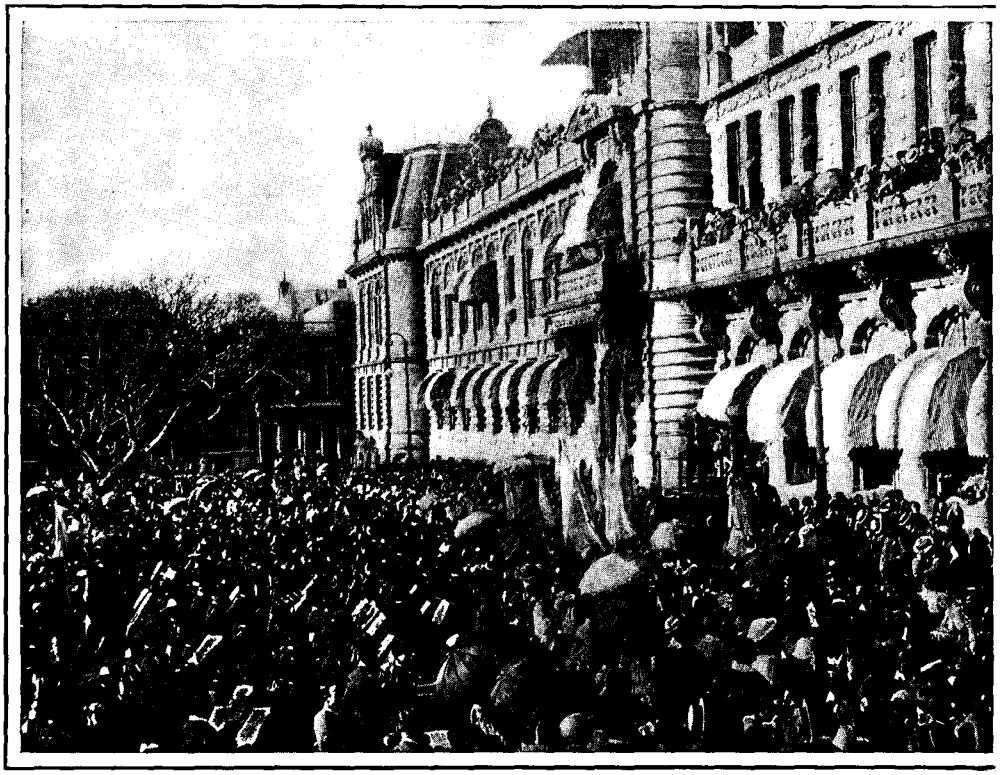
battle-ships, as formidable as any in the world, which are just being finished in the United States for the Argentine Republic. The men at the head of the Government, and the men generally who are interested in public affairs and are taking the lead in social and industrial movements, were all men of note. In the Argentine there has now been for many years political stability and order and a tremendous industrial development. The nation has already achieved very much, and nevertheless has only just begun its career of achievement. The Argentines stand as our full equal; they are a fine and strong people; they have a right to challenge the hearty respect and consideration of every other strong and free people, and to be accepted by every such people on a footing of full equality. As a matter of fact, the Argentine people have a striking likeness to the people of the United States. I was continually impressed by this likeness; it is due partly to similarity in institutions, partly to similarity in physical environment, partly because in each country the people are drawn from the most energetic and self-reliant members of various European states.

The people of our country sometimes show the very exasperating habit of lumping all other American countries together, precisely as until very recently many Europeans lumped all the countries of America together.

One attitude is as absurd as the other. A view of foreign policy based upon the belief that Haiti and the United States are essentially alike is no more ridiculous than the view based on the belief that the Argentine and Haiti are substantially alike. The substantial similarity is between the Argentine and the United States. To speak of some of the tropical countries and the Argentine as all parts of "Latin America" in the sense of there being an essential similarity and equality among them is precisely like speaking in the same sense of Jamaica and the United States as being parts of "English America." This view is equally absurd whether taken by the United States as regards all the countries south of it, or asserted by some one of these countries themselves. The attitude of the United States toward the Argentine should be based on exactly the same frank and matter-of-course acceptance of equality and mutuality of respect as is



SCHOOL-CHILDREN SINGING ARGENTINE AND AMERICAN NATIONAL PATRIOTIC SONGS

(Caption and picture continued on next page)

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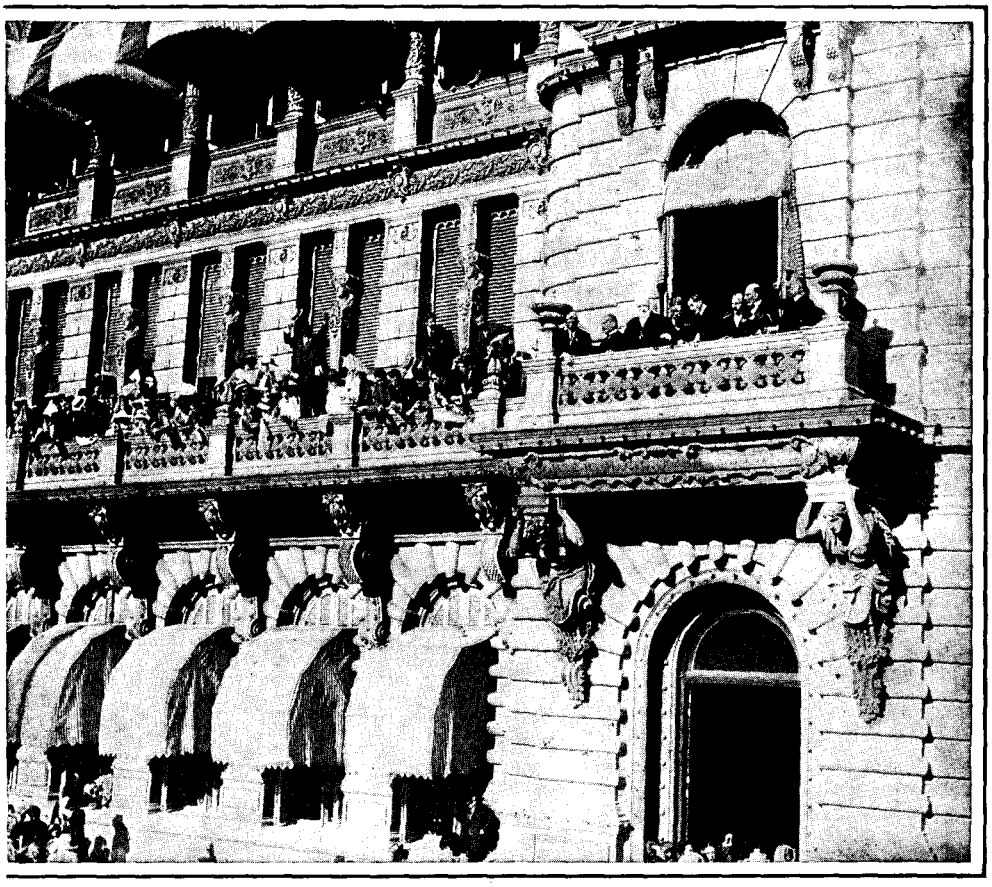
implied in our relations with Germany and England, France, Italy, Sweden, and Holland.

One day I visited the House of Deputies, the Senate not being in session. As everywhere, I was received with the utmost courtesy. I was given a seat, and addresses



IN HONOR OF MR. ROOSEVELT IN FRONT OF THE EDUCATIONAL BUILDING
Mr. Roosevelt and the public officials are seen in the balcony
(Caption and picture continued from preceding page)

were made in my honor. My advent interrupted a debate in which the foremost part was taken by one of the four Socialist Deputies, a university man, evidently predominantly of Indian blood—the only Deputy who showed clear traces of Indian blood. The building was handsome, with the general resemblance to all such buildings, including the Capitol at Washington, which is to be expected.

Various men and women whom I met told me that there was still no Argentine type, that everything was in a state of flux and transformation, that the great number of immigrants arriving would completely change the type. That the final type has not been reached I am willing to conceive; that it will change from time to time is merely another way of saying that it has not become fossilized. But it certainly seems to me that there is an Argentine type, a type showing many of the traits of the so-called Latin nations, but with an energy and a power of practical achievement which we are more apt to associate with the Northern races. It is the growth of the energetic business spirit which in the Argentine, as elsewhere in temperate South America, has done most to put a stop to revolutionary disturbances. Persistence in the revolutionary habit renders progress of any kind absolutely hopeless. Exactly as the success of disunion in the Civil War would have meant retrogression and decadence for all the United States, so the suppression of the revolutionary spirit means that South America will grow just as North America has grown.

Society in the Argentine capital is charm-

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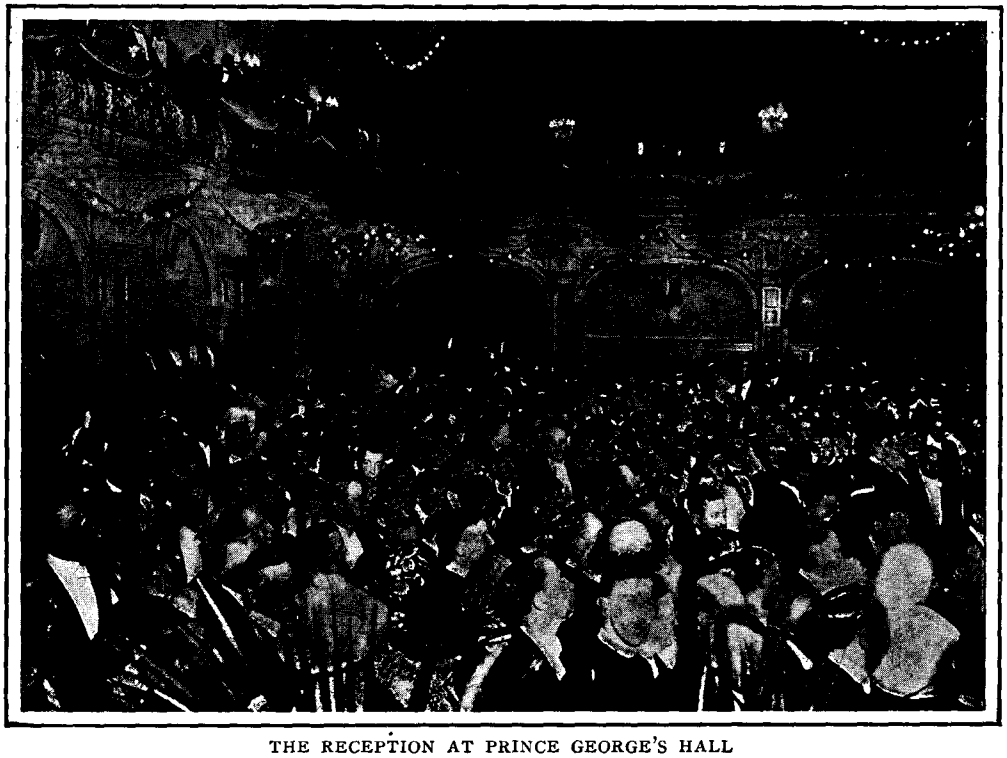
AT THIS RECEPTION MR. ROOSEVELT MET PERSONALLY HIS FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH COLONIES



THE RECEPTION AT PRINCE GEORGE'S HALL

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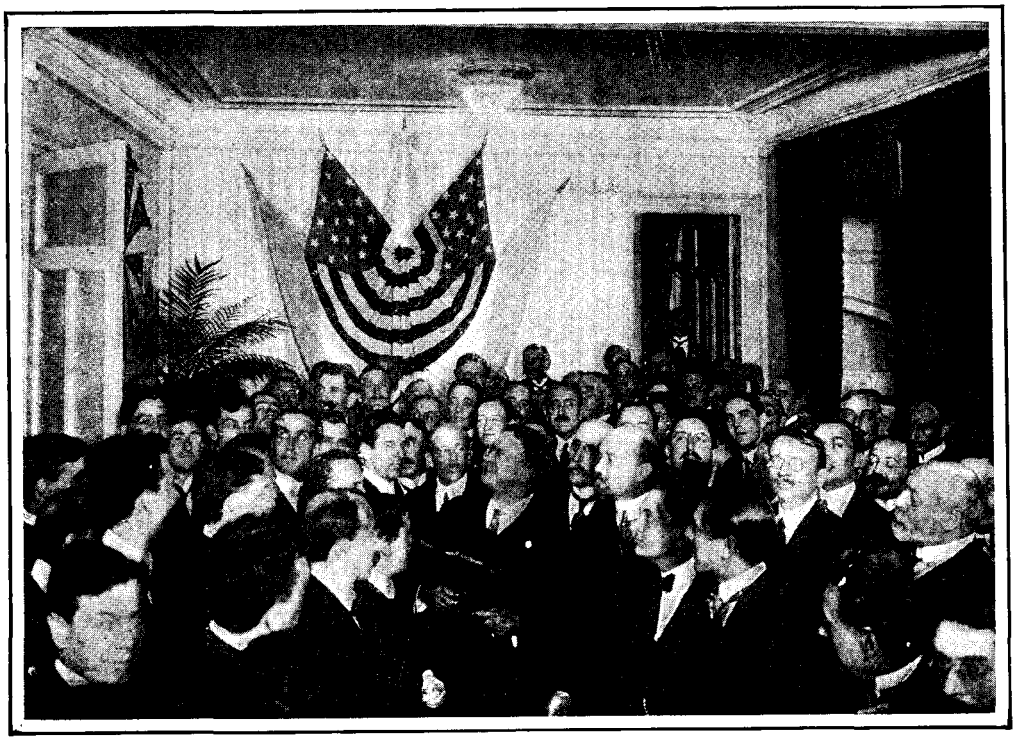
DINNER GIVEN BY DR. FRERS

The gentlemen, from left to right: Dr. Gomez, Minister of the Interior; Ex-President Roca; Mr. Roosevelt; United States Minister Garrett



RECEPTION BY THE ALUMNI OF AMERICAN COLLEGES

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A BOY SCOUT DELIVERING A MESSAGE OF WELCOME FROM HIS COMRADES

BOY SCOUTS ON THE MARCH TO GREET MR. ROOSEVELT

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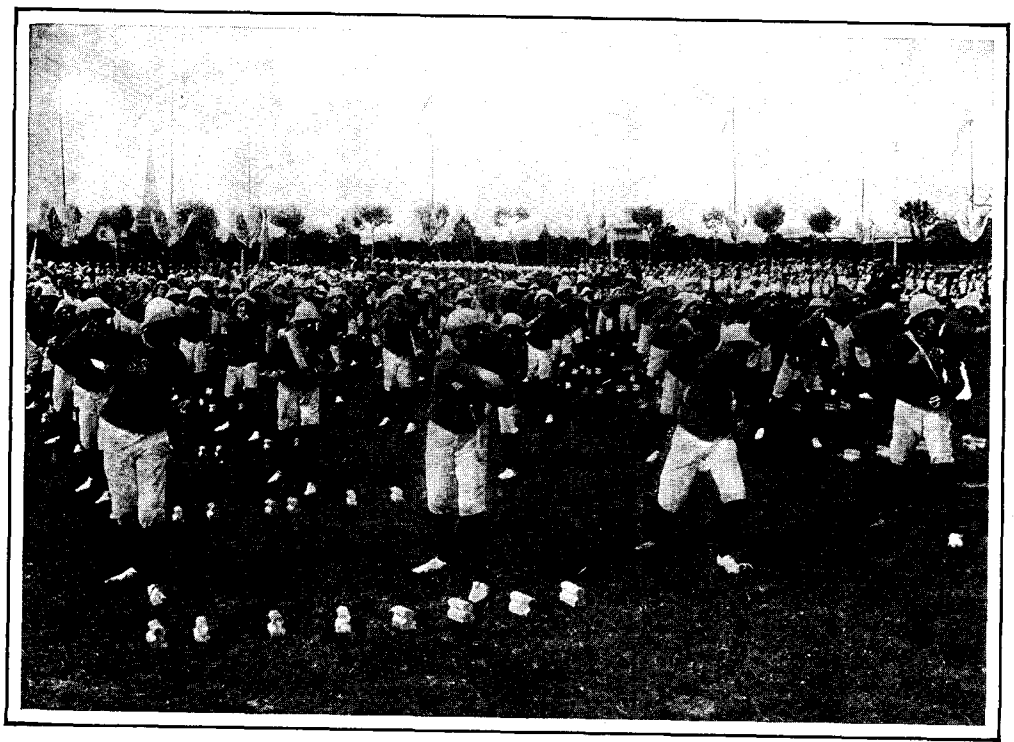
FROM THE GRAND STAND WATCHING THE SCHOOL-BOYS SEEN IN THE PICTURE BELOW



SCHOOL-BOYS GOING THROUGH EXERCISES BEFORE MR. ROOSEVELT

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AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

SISTERS OF MERCY, MR. ROOSEVELT, AND FATHER ZAHM

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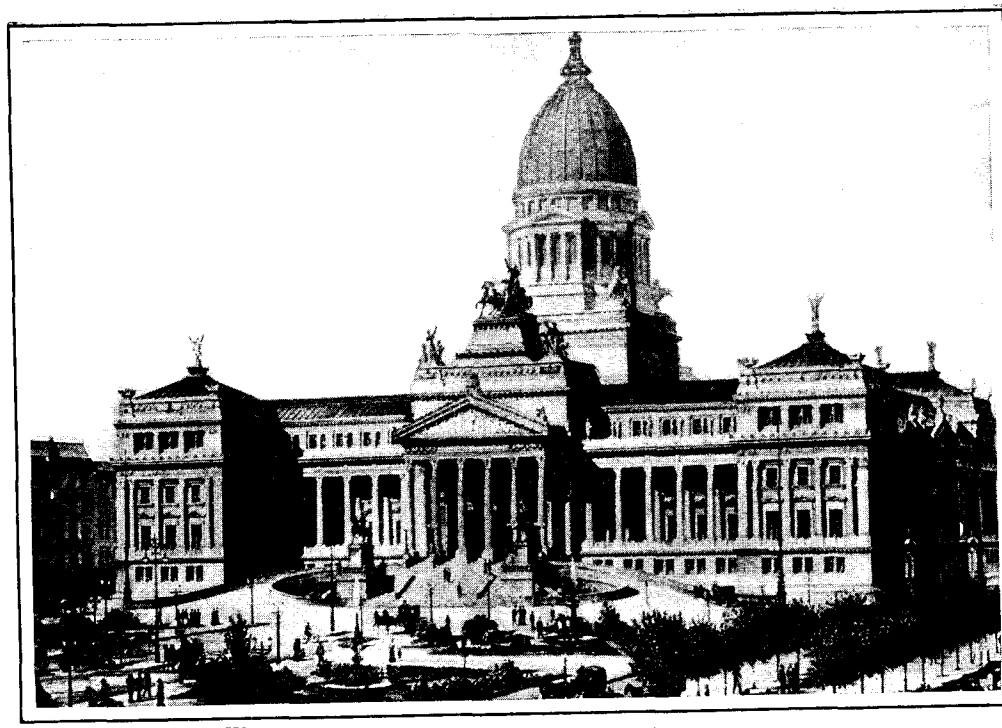

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

NATIONAL CONGRESS HALL

IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

In the front row of seats in the center Mr. Roosevelt is seen seated between Deputies

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PRESIDENT PEÑA OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC AND MR. ROOSEVELT AT A PUBLIC GATHERING

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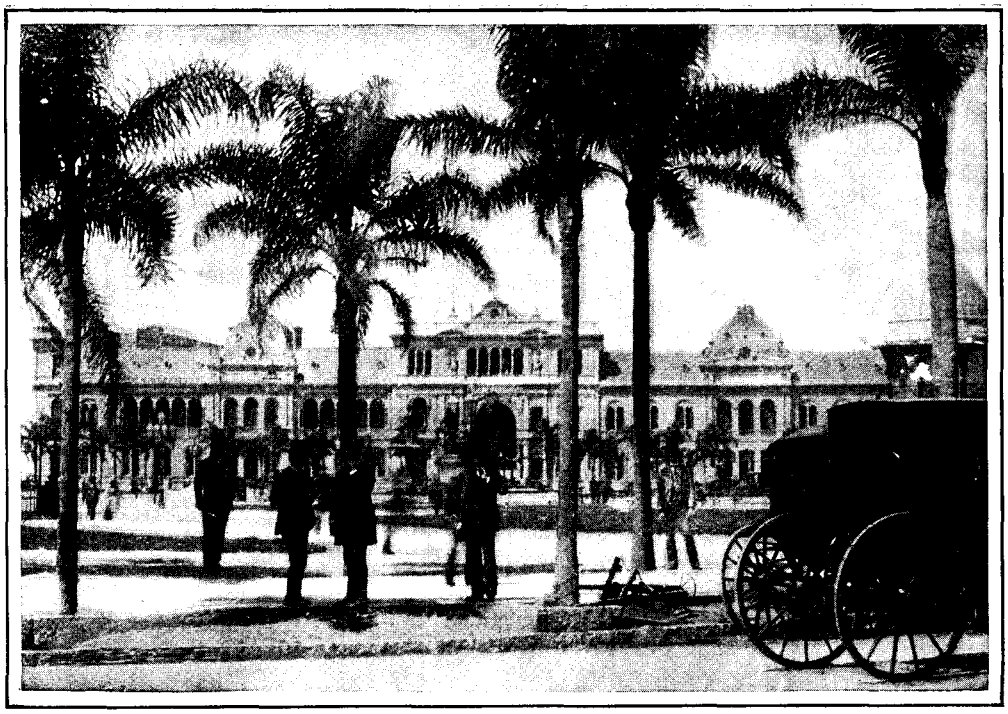

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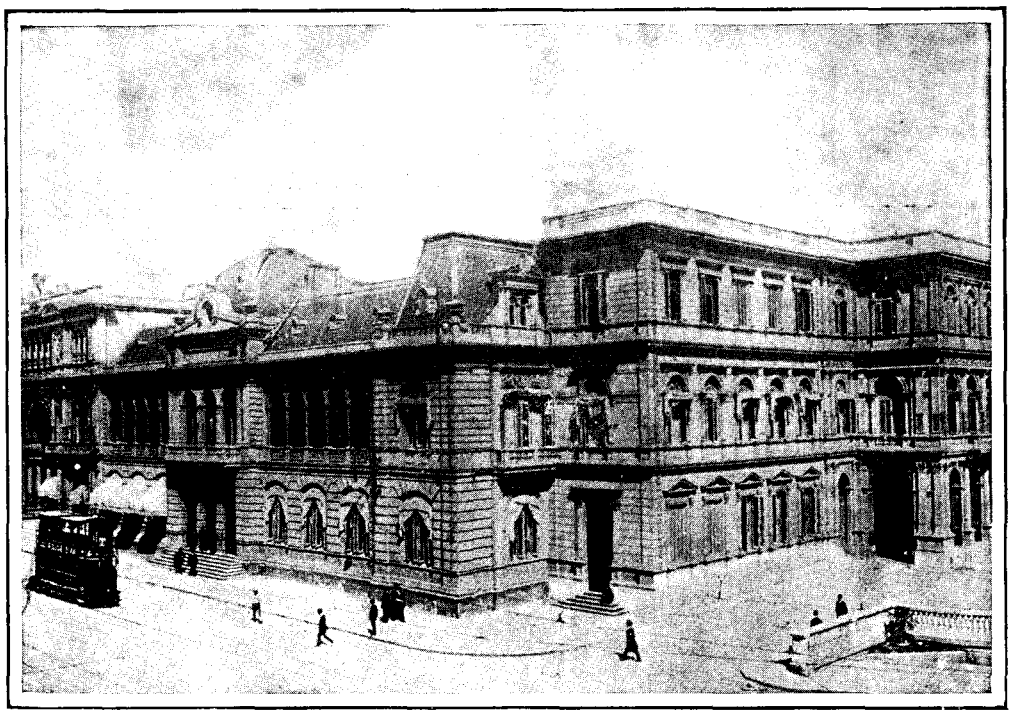

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

THE EXECUTIVE MANSION

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TRAVELING IN THE "CHILDREN'S TRAIN"

AT THE ZOO

FEELING THE COAT OF AN ANIMAL SHOWN BY THE DIRECTOR OF THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, PROFESSOR ONELLI

THE VISIT TO THE ZOO

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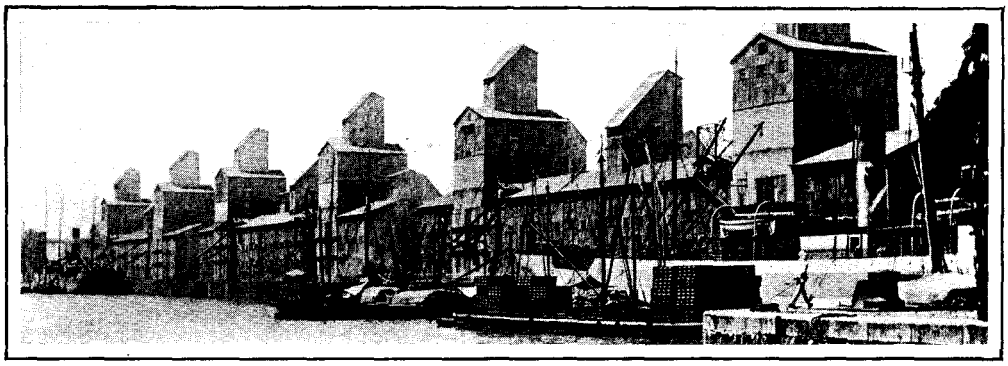

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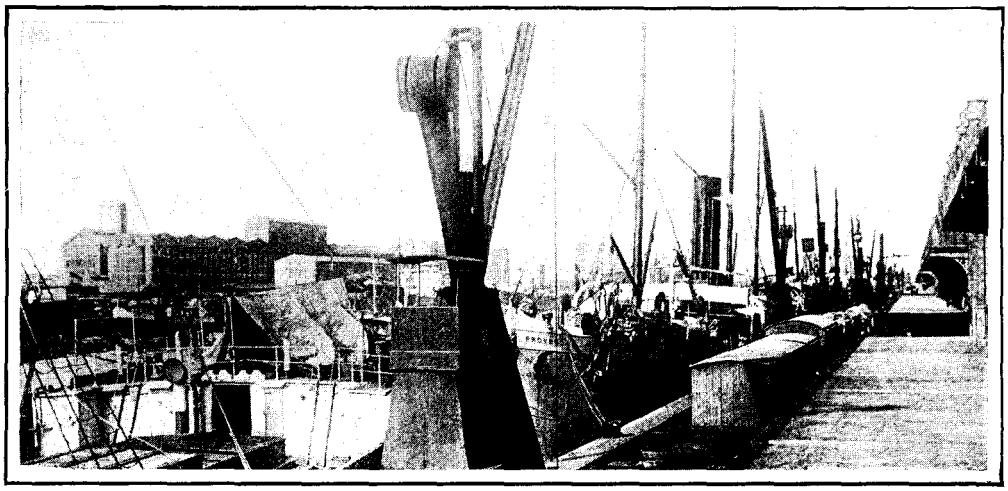
GRAIN ELEVATORS ON THE WATER-FRONT



PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

A GLIMPSE OF BUENOS AIRES SHIPPING

SALUTING WORKMEN IN RESPONSE TO THEIR CHEERS FROM THE SHORE

THE VISIT TO THE HARBOR

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ing. The women, by the way, can teach certain vital lessons to their sisters in certain other civilized countries both of the Old and the New World. They are high-bred, they are charming, they are beautifully dressed, and they are also admirable wives and mothers. Large families are the rule and not the exception among them. Time after time I was introduced to some woman of the highest social rank and standing, well gowned, charming in manner, attractive, and young-looking, and found that she was the mother of six or eight children whom she had borne, whom she had herself nursed; and it had never occurred to her as possible to fail to do her whole duty by them. There is a sad and dreadful side to the sex question in social life in all countries, and there are certain aspects of this question in the Argentine, so far as the men are concerned, which are very evil. But from the standpoint of the race it must be remembered that the only unpardonable sin, because the only sin for which there is no atonement by reform or in any other manner, is the sin of willful race suicide. In the vital point of family growth society is on a more satisfactory basis in most of South America than in many European countries. It is on a more satisfactory basis than in much of the English-speaking world. The men who are the leaders in the governmental, business, and social life of the Argentine are fathers of large families. Large families are the rule in all classes of society. It has been said that these large families exist in the Argentine merely because the Argentine is a new country, with vast unoccupied spaces yet to fill. The untruth of this statement is made evident by a moment's consideration of the case of Australia. Australia is a newer country than the Argentine, with a smaller population, and with vaster spaces still to fill; but the Australian birth rate has sunk to the New England level, which is not much above the French level. It ought not to be, but evidently is, necessary to point out that as a mere question of mathematics, if these tendencies continue unchanged, the end of the twentieth century will see a reversal of the relative positions of the peoples speaking English and the peoples speaking a Latin-American tongue.

A GREAT BUSINESS CITY

Of course Buenos Aires is primarily a great business city, a great commercial city. The improvements made in the port during the past fifteen or twenty years have been extraordinary, and the spirit of business enterprise is as marked as among the most enterprising cities of the United States. A few American business firms and business men have had their eyes opened to the opportunities that here offer. There are big beef-packing establishments, for instance. But as yet American business firms have an astonishingly small proportional representation in the Argentine. There should, of course, be a direct line of steamers from the United States to Buenos Aires, and an American bank in the city. But the essential thing is that the American business men of enterprise should for themselves study the conditions here and then meet them. This means that they should send down first-class men who will act as their agents and representatives on the ground, and will prepare the way exactly as a Chicago firm would prepare the way to establish itself in New York or San Francisco or New Orleans. There must be the personal contact by the man on the ground who knows what it is he is dealing with. Again, the American business man should learn to differentiate between one South American state and another. It is astonishing to see how hard-headed, practical business men will group the Argentine Republic with some bankrupt and revolutionary little state where no man can afford to do business as he does it in the United States; whereas in the Argentine no man can afford to do business excepting as he does it in the United States.

This attitude is as unintelligent as if a business man proceeded upon the assumption that Haiti and Quebec, or Jamaica and Manitoba, are to be treated precisely from the same standpoint because in the first case both the communities speak French and in the second case both speak English.

There are localities in the United States where a business man must be cautious about establishing credits, and the same is doubtless true in the Argentine, but in both countries alike the business man is safe in most places. Credits are on substantially the same basis in the two countries. Responsible Argentine customers should receive precisely similar treatment to that given responsible customers from Pennsylvania or California.

Here is a nation with over a million square miles of territory, much of it soil of extraordinary richness, with great cities and innumerable farms and ranches, and a thriving,

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energetic, progressive population. It is a land which is increasing by leaps and bounds in every direction and in all respects. Such a land opens possibilities which our business men ought not to neglect. The American business man, however, can never do anything in the Argentine country until he realizes that the Argentine citizen, like every one else, will buy what he wants, and not what somebody else thinks he ought to want. As an illustration, small but by no means unimportant, of the curious lack of business sense exhibited by many American business men in their dealings with the Argentine, I may mention that they continually send business circulars and business letters to the Argentine with two-cent stamps. The prospective customer has to make up the difference. Wherever he does thus make up the difference it can be accepted as certain that the chief impression left on his mind by the correspondence is that he wishes to avoid business dealings with a man who takes so little trouble as either not to know what the postage to the Argentine is or not to care. A reasonably far-sighted business man would be careful to avoid making the recipient of his letter or circular pay heavily for the doubtful pleasure of receiving it.

One day I went on a tugboat down the long canal which forms a part of the dock system along the river-front. There was a length of about eight miles, with a succession of drawbridges, and each side covered with mercantile establishments, while an uninterrupted line of vessels lay moored along the quays. The Plata is a vast shallow estuary, and there are no especial advantages marking Buenos Aires as a port. In consequence the enterprise of man has had to supply the deficiencies. This has been amply done, partly by the foresight of the Government and partly by the energy of private individuals, and the port now resembles the best ports of its kind—Hamburg, Liverpool, Glasgow, Boston, Marseilles—so far as facilities for commerce are concerned. When the natural obstacles are remembered, the shallowness of the stream and the mud flats, this result is surprising, and is another proof, if any were needed, of the energy of the new people growing up here in the South. It is often said that only foreigners are responsible for this great commercial development. In every new city it will be found that old-established foreign firms play a great part in the development. This is inevitable. It occurs in our own new cities. But these foreigners are associated with natives in various business dealings, and, moreover, most of them remain in the country, marry, and their children become natives—exactly as the Astors have become a New York and the Barings a London family. Many of the successful men I met were Argentines of the old stock.

EDUCATION

Among the especially interesting things that I saw in Buenos Aires was an outdoor gathering of school-children. The Minister of Public Instruction was a young man, by profession himself a teacher and a professor in the university. He was in political life merely to help carry out the reforms, to forward the movements, which were dear to his heart. He had no intention of remaining permanently in public life, and was a politician only in the sense in which the word can be applied to every man who takes an effective and practical interest in public affairs in order to advance a worthy cause. He had arranged to have several thousand school-children of one school district gather outside a big school building. As with so much that I have seen down here, the striking fact was how closely it all resembled what I knew at home. The resemblance extended even to the fact that, as in any American city, a great number of the school-children were of foreign parentage. As the director explained to me, and as every worthy educator at home realizes, this meant that it was all the more important to teach all of them devotion to one flag, to one country. Patriotic exercises are good things for school-children in all countries, but they are indispensably necessary in those countries in which many different races are being fused into one common nationality.

The school-children, some five or six thousand in number, were immediately in front of the building, with a great crowd of onlookers. The children were substantially like our own; while there were a smaller proportion of blond heads and a larger proportion of black heads, both types were present, and every grade between.

Immediately back of the school-children proper were a couple of hundred Boy Scouts, as alert and vigorous and self-respecting as so many Boy Scouts of our own nation. There were two groups of prettily dressed little girls, each of which performed calisthenic exercises. The band played national airs,

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and the children sang these airs with great spirit. In fact, I am inclined to think they sang a little better than most of our children would have sung. One of the songs, the "Salute to the Argentine Flag," was particularly good. Then, to my astonishment and pleasure, they sang the American National hymn, and uncommonly well too. (I afterwards heard the children all over the Republic sing the "Star-Spangled Banner," and often, moreover, they made addresses to me in English.) They were then formed into a procession, boys and girls moving off with orderly discipline to take their places in line, and the teachers, men and women, showing the interest and devotion with which we are so familiar and which we so greatly respect in our own country.

One of the noted statesmen of the Argentine, Senator Sarmiento, devoted himself especially to the cause of popular education. He was an admirer and student of Horace Mann, and some thirty years ago he came to the United States and brought back a number of American teachers to work, not only in the primary schools, but in the normal schools. Two of these teachers, charming elderly ladies, called on me. They were the last ones left, and as I looked at them I felt that they had helped to do a very great work, and that they saw the fruits of that work growing in bountiful profusion before their very eyes. Those who are most interested in Argentine education assured me that they regarded themselves as having made only a good beginning, and that there was almost indefinite room for expansion of their work. To this I could only answer that to me it looked as if they had made much more than a beginning, and as if their work was very good indeed.

Capital normal schools, with every modern appliance, and corps of devoted teachers, are being established throughout the country; we saw them in almost every fair-sized city which we visited. The effect on the future life of the Argentine men, and of the Argentine women, that will be produced by the tens of thousands of these normal school graduates will inevitably be great.

In La Plata, the capital of the Province of Buenos Aires, and a beautiful little city, there stands a high school, built on the American model, or, to speak more accurately, representing a combination of what is good in several American schools. The Argentine people have turned to the United States as giving them the models for their constitutional system, for their technical colleges and their primary schools, and for engineering and for the various manifestations of their practical business energy; just as they turn to France as the model for culture, for literature and art, and also for pleasure; just as they turn to Germany in military matters. Everywhere through the Argentine the effort is being made to extend the primary schools—the Governor of the province of Santa Fé, for instance, expatiating to me at length on the very great progress they were already making, and the plans they had for the future about extending these schools, modeling them largely after those of our own country. The universities, although in many ways excellent institutions from the standpoint of scholarship and learning, lack the university life or college life which to the students is one of the chief features in American universities.

There are no dormitories, and very little that tends for close student association. The La Plata Government school is partly analogous to our high schools, and partly to one of the smaller colleges in the United States, but with features of self-government among the students which somewhat suggest those of the George Junior Republic, as well, of course, as those of several of our Western colleges. It is a thoroughly attractive institution.

The boys are expected to study hard, but they are given very comfortable bedrooms, with bath-rooms for every three or four of them, and general sitting-rooms or play-rooms; and, moreover, there is a room in which they meet to frame laws for their own government. A fine set of boys they are too, upright, alert, self-respecting. It was Dr. Ernesto Nelson, the Director-General of Secondary, Industrial, and Commercial Education, an Argentine, partly of English descent, himself a Cornell graduate, and a member of the Museo Social, who took me to see this school, which he had been instrumental in founding.

One of the visits I thoroughly enjoyed was to the famous museum at La Plata. Its reputation has been largely given it by the palæontological collections and writings of the eminent Argentine scientist Ameghino, whose death a year ago was a loss to the scientific world. Professor Ameghino was a man of noteworthy industry in field investigation and closet study and writing. His somewhat exuberant imagination rendered him over-quick at the deduction of sweeping theories

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from his observations, and I found that the sober scientific men in the La Plata Museum were no more prepared to follow him to the full length of his theories than the scientists of Europe and the United States have shown themselves to be. But he rendered a real service, not only by his discoveries, but even by the iconoclastic nature of his theorizing on these discoveries; for he has forced other palæontologists to face the fact that their own theories were defective.

A GLIMPSE OF RELIGIOUS AND CHARITABLE WORK IN BUENOS AIRES

Of course, in a hurried visit, in which I was being most cordially and hospitably—and exhaustively—entertained, it was out of the question for me to see one-hundredth part of what I would have liked to see. For example, I wish I could have studied the methods by which the Argentine now takes care of its immigrants. There is an enormous immigration into the Argentine, primarily of Italians and Spaniards, but with plenty of people of other races, including Germans, Englishmen, Slavs, and Jews. The Argentine people will be always by blood mainly a Latin people, and Spanish their language. But exactly as the United States, though an English-speaking nation, drawing its blood chiefly from northern races, nevertheless represents an absolutely new national type, so the Argentine is a new Latin nation, differing in many respects very radically from many of the old Latin nations, and in many points closer than any of them to nations of the modern Northern types. As yet the Argentine has not been as fortunate as ourselves in being able to provide for a widespread system of small farms as the basis of its agricultural life. But it is working in this direction; and it is already doing much to take care of the immigrants. It has adopted very stringent laws against the white slave traffic.

Again, I wish it had been possible for me to look into some of the admirable charities, such as the Argentine philanthropic schools and institutes; such as the great institution for the blind; such as the lunatic asylum, in which the lunatics have free right of egress and ingress. There is ample room for study of what has been done in the Argentine as an aid to us who are engaged in similar work in the United States.

One Sunday afternoon in Buenos Aires I took the opportunity of visiting certain of the religious and charitable institutions in the city. On the Sunday afternoon in question my first visit was to the Young Men's Christian Association.

Here I was greeted by singing which was led by the pastor of the American Methodist Church, where I had attended service in the morning. It is a capital institute, with nearly eighteen hundred members, and I was delighted to find that almost half of them were Argentines. Of course we must look forward to the day when this Young Men's Christian Association movement in the Argentine will be under Argentine control and will be as thoroughly national as the Young Men's Christian Association work in England or Germany or the United States.

After visiting the Young Men's Christian Association I went to the Young Women's Christian Association. This is the first institution of its kind in South America. It need hardly be said that there is a very wide field for its work in a huge industrial seaboard city such as Buenos Aires. It was started in the interest of English and American girls who came here without proper protection and without friends. It has continued until now it has grown to include a large number of Argentine girls who are engaged in supporting themselves. It offers the one place to which the American Minister can turn when a question arises of trying to save some foolish or misled girl from the United States who has drifted down to the Argentine.

Then Father Zahm took me to see, first, the Sisters of Mercy, and then the house of an order of monks, the Passionists. The Sisters of Mercy were, in a sense, old friends of mine, for I knew well many branches of their order in the United States, and after I was shot I had been taken care of by them in Mercy Hospital at Chicago. Among the Passionists, also, I met plenty of men with whom I found myself at once in touch; one brother was a fellow New Yorker, another hastily introduced himself as being of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, yet another was an American of Irish descent, who was the cousin of a close friend and ally of mine at home. Finally, the head of the order, Father Fidelis, was an American, a Bostonian, a graduate of Harvard in the same class with Oliver Wendell Holmes the younger. Like Holmes, he had fought in the Civil War, joining the Second Massachusetts; and with his tall, erect figure and fighting face, it seemed to me I could still hear the clank of the cavalry saber as he walked.

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THE OLD METHOD THE NEW METHOD

THE PICKERS AT WORK IN THE COTTON FIELD

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KING COTTON

IN FIELD, MILL, AND MART

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

EDITOR OF "COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

*According to the report of the Agricultural Department, in 1913 the United States produced nearly seventeen hundred million dollars' worth of corn, eight hundred million dollars' worth of cotton, eight hundred million dollars' worth of hay, and six hundred and ten million dollars' worth of wheat. These figures give some faint impression of the enormous importance to the country of the work of the cotton planter and cotton merchant. Everybody, from the man who uses cotton waste on his automobile engine to the woman who uses cotton sheets in her housekeeping, ought to take a vital interest in the production and merchandising of cotton. Legislation affecting the cotton business is of moment not merely to the members of the Cotton Exchange, but to many millions of other citizens. For this reason we have asked Mr. Price, recognized throughout the trade both in this country and in England as one of the leading cotton experts of the United States, to tell our readers something about the conditions which have led to the proposal to eradicate the evils of cotton speculation by Federal legislation.—*THE EDITORS.

"WHAT a royal plant it is!" said the late Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, in apostrophizing the cotton plant in an address before a Southern audience. "The world waits in attendance on its growth. The shower that falls whispering on its leaves is heard around the earth. The sun that shines on it is tempered by the prayers of all people. The frost that chills it and the dew that descends from the stars are noted, and the trespass of a little worm on its green leaf is more to England than the advance of the Russian army on her Asian outposts. It is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot. Its fiber is current in every bank, and when, loosing its fleeces to the sun, it floats a sunny banner that glorifies the field of the humble farmer, that man is marshaled under a flag that will compel the allegiance of the world, and wring a subsidy from every nation on earth. It is the heritage that God gave to his people forever as their own when he arched our skies, established our mountains, girt us about with the ocean, loosed the breezes, tempered the sunshine, and measured the rain. Ours and our children's forever. As princely a talent as ever came from his hand to mortal stewardship."

This is a fitting preface to the article upon cotton which the editor of The Outlook has invited me to write, requesting at the same time that it should be so non-technical that women as well as men could understand it.

His request is altogether appropriate, for fully one-half of the cotton goods sold are bought by women, nearly all of them are the product of machines that are tended by women, and the words which connote the earliest Anglo-Saxon specialization of the textile industry are "spinster" and "wife." In primitive Britain the duty of spinning was allotted to the unmarried woman or spinster, and that of weaving, supposed to involve more skill and judgment, was reserved to the married woman or wife, who in Saxon was called the *wief* or *wiefer*.

Cotton, or *Baumwolle* (tree wool), as the Germans call it, is prehistoric. We find the first mention of it by Herodotus, who, writing about 450 B.C., said that the inhabitants of East India "possess a kind of plant which instead of fruit produces a wool of finer and better quality than that of sheep, and of this the Indians make their clothes." From that time until about the seventeenth century the cotton cloths produced in East India appear to have been the only "cotton" of commerce, and the gossamer fabrics and "diaphanous muslins" produced in Bengal were highly prized by the wealthy classes who were able to pay the high prices they commanded. The word calico, which was applied to the cotton cloth manufactured at Calicut, attests its East Indian origin.

In China the production and manufacture of cotton seem to have developed later than

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in India, but it is almost certain that for at least two thousand years cotton has been extensively grown and manufactured there, and the Chinese of the lower classes were clothed chiefly in cotton cloth long before the Empire had been penetrated by Europeans. Even to-day the size of the Chinese cotton crop is in dispute, and commercial statisticians are in disagreement as to whether it is one million or five million bales or more.

The cheapness of labor in China has made the introduction of labor-saving machinery slow, and the major portion of the undoubtedly large Chinese cotton crop is "ginned" or has the seed separated from it by hand, and is also spun and woven by hand in the most primitive way. In fact, many of those who grow the cotton also manufacture it into cloth. The hand "ginning" or "bowing" is an interesting process, and, as it probably suggested Whitney's revolutionary invention of the cotton gin, an attempt will here be made to describe the primitive method and its mechanical successor, the "gin," which is simply the Negro abbreviation of the word "engine."

FROM "COTTON AND COTTON OIL," COPYRIGHT BY D. A. TOMPKIN

A COTTON PLANT IN FULL BLOOM READY FOR PICKING

Of the hundreds of millions who use cotton cloth, there are comparatively few who understand that it is woven from threads or "yarns" called the "warp" and "woof" (the "woof" is now commonly called the "filling"), and that these yarns are spun from the fiber which nature designed to protect the seeds of the cotton plant and provide them with wings so that their fertility would be preserved, their distribution by the autumnal winds assured, and reproduction thus made certain.

The seeds and the fiber attached to them

PLANTING COTTON UNDER DIFFICULTIES, AFTER AN OVERFLOW OF THE MISSISSIPPI

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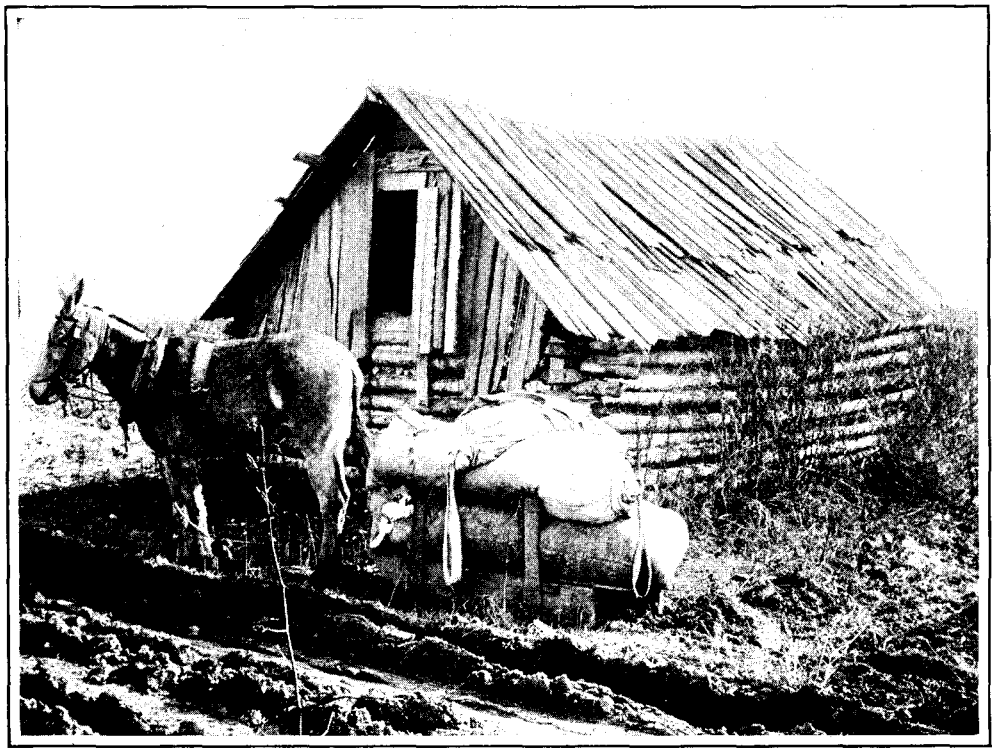
are contained in a "boll" shaped much like the covering of the hickory nut. It generally has five "lobes" or compartments like the lobes of an orange, and remains tightly closed until the seeds have reached maturity, when it pops open and the "seed cotton" is ready for "picking," or harvesting. When so picked or gathered, it will be found that the fibrous covering of the seed, which is the "lint cotton" of commerce, adheres to the seed with great tenacity.

It therefore becomes necessary to detach it without tearing or shortening the fiber, for cotton and lace threads, which must be very fine and also very strong.

The infinite labor and trouble of detaching the fiber from the seed by hand without shortening or tearing the former was what made cotton so expensive prior to the invention of the gin, and limited its production to the densely populated countries of India and China. In China and India this detachment was effected by gradual abrasion. Seed by seed it was rubbed across the catgut strings of an instrument not unlike a fiddle bow, and gradually the lint was rubbed loose from the



THE SMALL PLANTATION CONTRIBUTES ITS MITE TO THE GRAND TOTAL

upon its length depends the strength of the yarn into which it is twisted or "spun," and if it is too short, the yarns made from it will have so little tensile strength that they cannot stand the strain of the shuttle and the weaving process.

Just here it may be explained that the longer the fiber or the "staple" of cotton, the finer the "yarns" or threads that can be spun from it; and so it comes to pass that some varieties of cotton, such as Sea Island or Egyptian, which have fiber that is unusually long, are worth much more than shorter staple because they can be spun into spool seed. This was called "bowing," for which reason the phrase "middling boweds" is still used in England to describe a certain variety of cotton.

Some idea of the labor involved may be had when it is understood that one bale of cotton contains the lint covering of about four and one-half million seeds; and it was because of the impossibility of "ginning" cotton by hand in sparsely populated America that its cultivation in the United States did not develop until Whitney had invented the gin, in 1793. Prior to that time it had been grown experimentally as far north as Pennsyl-

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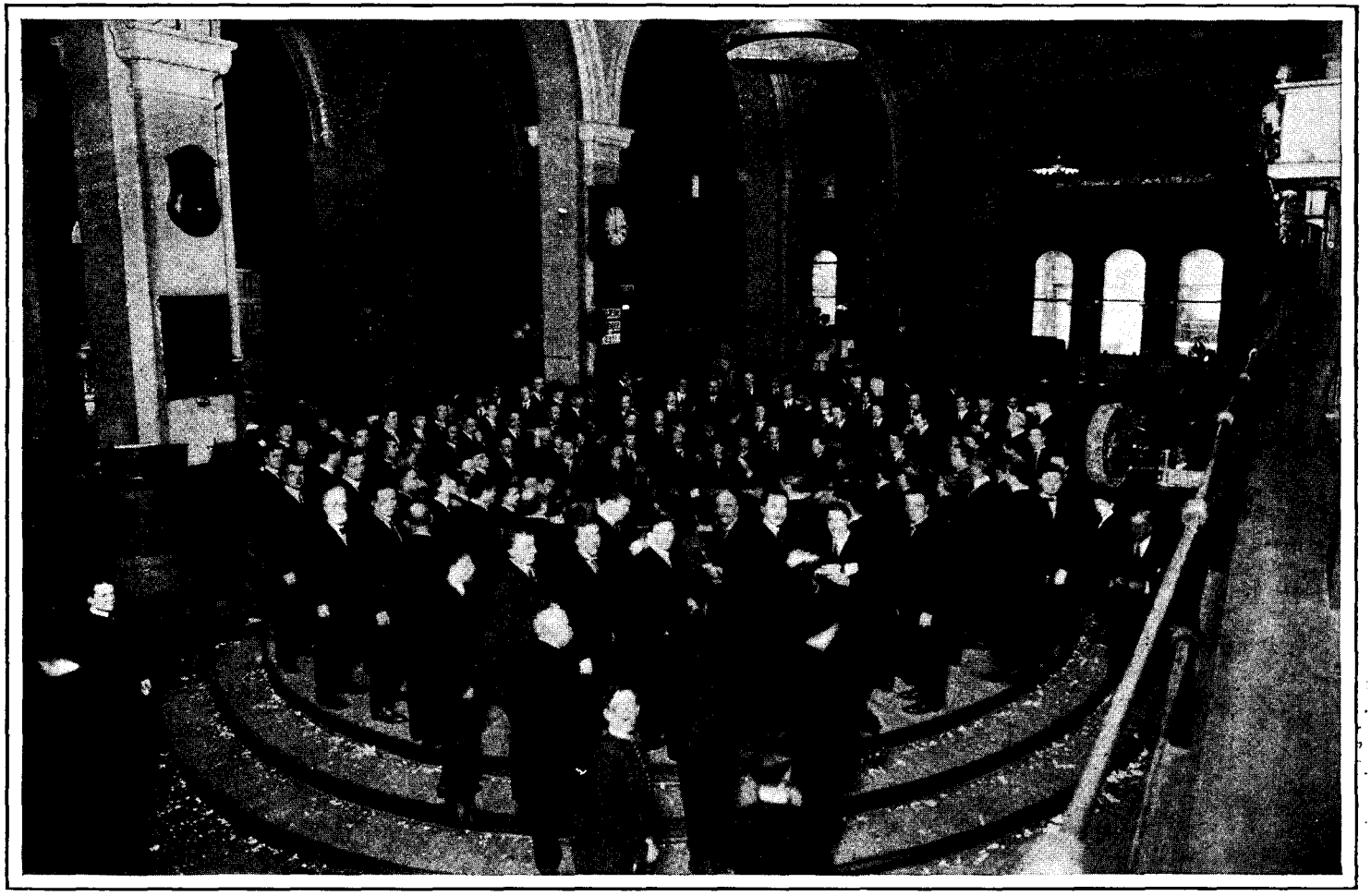

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

TRADING IN COTTON IN THE NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

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vania, and three bags, valued at £3 11s. 5d., were shipped from Charleston to London in 1748, but by 1791 the total production was only 4,000 bales of the present weight, and this was sold for twenty-six cents a pound in gold, which was the equivalent of at least one dollar per pound in the purchasing power of money to-day.

It is not necessary to attempt to describe the mechanical operation of Whitney's cotton gin. Like all great inventions, it is comparatively simple, and though the machines in use to-day are improved, they are but improved applications of the Whitney principle. It is sufficient to say that each unit of the modern gin is supposed to do the work of about five hundred persons, and that Whitney's genius opened to human enterprise the hitherto non-existent Kingdom of Cotton.

By 1801, only eighteen years after the gin had been invented, the American crop of cotton was about forty-five million pounds, and in 1911, just one hundred and ten years later, it was sixteen million bales, or eight thousand million pounds; to which, in order to appreciate the full result of Whitney's invention, must be added about three thousand million pounds produced in other countries than the United States, not including China.

The cotton crop of the United States now provides our entire balance of trade, and its value, including the seed and the oil manufactured therefrom, is at least a billion dollars a year.

Of course the creation and growth of this enormous commerce could not be without its political consequences. The first was the struggle to extend the area of Negro slavery.

As soon as it was discovered that cotton could be profitably grown in the South, slaves to cultivate it were imported in increasing numbers, and a desire was evinced to extend the slavery territory to include all the States in which it was supposed cotton could be produced.

This tendency was opposed in the North, and the Missouri Compromise of 1820 was the result. It limited the slavery area to Missouri and that portion of the Louisiana Purchase that was south of latitude 36° 30′, which is the southern boundary of Missouri. At that time it was supposed that cotton could not be profitably grown north of Missouri, hence the geographical limitation prescribed.

COTTON IN BALES READY FOR SHIPMENT

By this time the South had come to believe that without the power to compel the Negro to work, the enormously profitable monopoly of cotton could not be maintained, and so the opposition to the growing anti-slavery sentiment at the North finally issued in secession and the War of the Confederacy.

Without cotton it is entirely improbable

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that the war would ever have been fought; and it is extremely doubtful whether the Confederate States would have seceded had they not felt that because of England's dependence on American cotton they could rely upon her support and British disregard of the teachings of John Bright and Gladstone.

Fortunately for the world, the war proved that the successful production of cotton is not conditioned upon slavery; but cotton continues nevertheless to be the inspiration of much Congressional discussion and legislation.

The magnitude of the commerce in cotton, the enormous value of the crop, and the fluctuations in that value caused by the variations in the supply and the demand have long made it the subject of much speculation that is commercial, necessary, and legitimate. The crop is all harvested and most of it must be sold in three months, but the consumption is necessarily extended over twelve months. These conditions make necessary contracts for the future delivery of cotton, and these contracts having been standardized are extensively traded in at the great Cotton Exchanges of Liverpool, Bremen, and Havre in Europe, and New York and New Orleans in the United States. The same sort of business is conducted on a smaller scale at Alexandria, Egypt, and Kobe, Japan.

The machinery which has been provided to facilitate entirely legitimate and commercial operations in cotton, being at the disposal of all who have the necessary capital, has attracted many outside the cotton trade, and so it has come to pass that in moments of speculative hysteria it has sometimes seemed as if the whole world were trading in cotton, and prices have been carried far above or below the level justified by the normal action of the law of supply and demand.

The avarice of many who were not equipped, either financially or by experience, for such operations has drawn them into this speculative maelstrom, and their inevitable losses have caused much distress and not a few defalcations and suicides.

These consequences of the ease with which it has been made possible to speculate in cotton are the inspiration of the numerous measures recently introduced in Congress, the object of which is either to restrict or entirely abolish such speculation. At the special session of Congress recently ended two such proposals came very near to enactment as amendments to the Tariff Bill. One

MANUFACTURING BY THE OLD METHOD—HAND-WEAVING IN CHINA

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DRAWING FRAMES

WARPING ROOM

MODERN MANUFACTURING—A SOUTHERN COTTON MILL

of them was designed to levy a prohibitive tax on contracts for the future delivery of cotton. Another attempted to restrict speculation by taxing all contracts that provided for the delivery of qualities or grades of cotton that did not conform to certain official standards known as "Government Grades," the idea being that the narrow limitation in the qualities thus recognized as the basis of speculative training would make the business unattractive to any who were not manufacturers or merchants.

With the opening of the regular session of Congress, some six or seven bills which have the same restrictive or abolitionary purpose have been introduced.

All of these are fathered by Southern Congressmen or Senators, and all of them are intended to rectify the abuses that the South believes it suffers at the hands of the speculator in cotton.

The political solidarity of the Cotton States is great, and in the present Congress it is overwhelmingly powerful.

There is but little doubt that if a measure can be agreed upon that will harmonize the slightly divergent general demands it will be passed. There is but little doubt also that the speculative facilities which the present system of trading in cotton affords have been abused. The Cotton Exchanges, and the New York Cotton Exchange in particular, are trying to correct some of these abuses. The problem is to do this without restricting the liberty of the individual in a degree that is inexpedient and unconstitutional; and the same problem will confront those who attempt a solution of the question by legislation.

Its complexities are great, and a study of them is likely to lead one into a field bristling with technicalities that will not be understood by the average reader.

In the opinion of the writer, many of the things complained of in connection with cotton speculation are a consequence of the fact that the transactions in which the speculation finds expression call for the delivery of cotton in New York City, which is not naturally or geographically a cotton market, being out of the most direct, and therefore the most economical, line of transportation between the cotton-fields and the cotton-mills either in New England or Europe.

It follows that cotton comes to New York only when the prices ruling there are above the average established by the consumptive demand, and it moves out of New York only when the prices at which it is offered there

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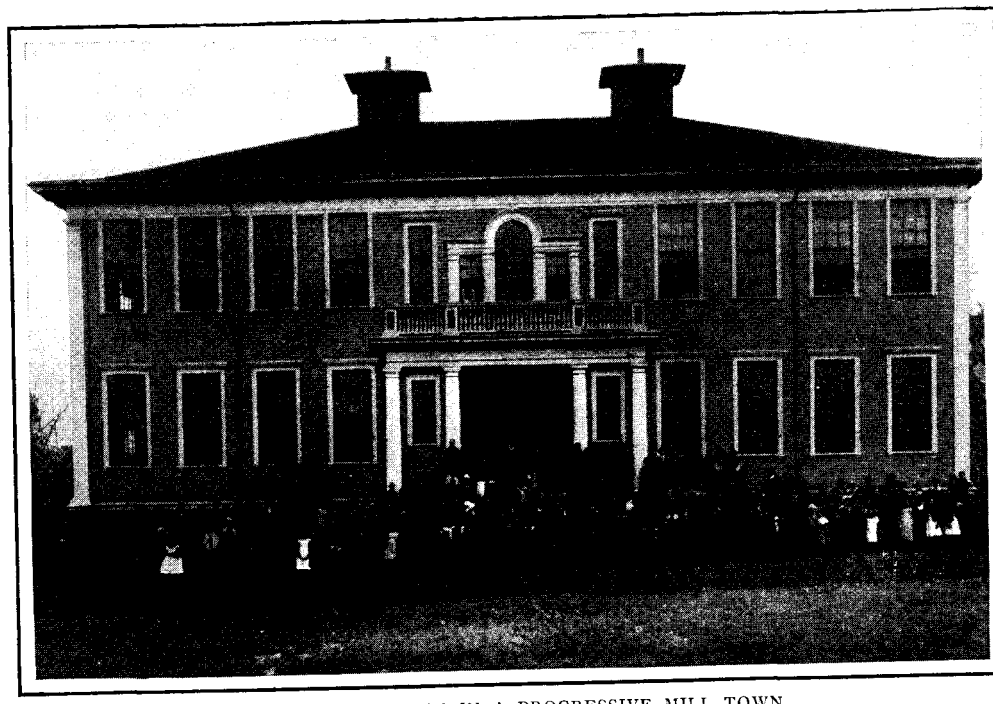

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE IN A PROGRESSIVE MILL TOWN

are below the equivalent of its value in markets to which the trade usually resorts.

The result is that a large proportion of the speculative contracts are "settled" at figures mutually agreed upon instead of being liquidated by the delivery of actual cotton.

The effect of this practice is to make the transaction in New York less and less reflective of actual commerce, and more and more subject to manipulation which deflects the value locally from the mean established by the demand for and supply of cotton for manufacturing purposes.

It seems obvious that in order to make the speculative transactions more responsive to the purely commercial transactions it is necessary that the cotton speculatively bought and sold should be as nearly as possible real cotton that must ultimately be paid for by the buyer.

The way to do this is to permit of its delivery at places that are geographically normal and natural markets of accumulation and distribution.

In the United States the normal and natural markets are in the South at cities more or less central in their relation to the cotton-fields, and in the line of the most direct, and therefore the most economical, transportation from producer to consumer.

A recognition of these truisms is gradually forcing many of the most thoughtful members of the cotton trade to conclude that the objections to the New York Cotton Exchange and the trading conducted there will disappear if its contract shall contain a clause permitting its consummation by the delivery of cotton stored in any one of certain specified Southern cotton markets.

The demand for this change has become quite general, especially in the South, and it is not unlikely to find expression in some of the legislation that has been under consideration by Congress.

It seems reasonably certain that some measure reflective of public opinion on the subject will soon become law, for a commerce which affects the whole population as consumers and twenty millions as producers cannot long remain out of the range of political activity in an age in which economic questions are paramount.

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A RUSSIAN COMEDY OF ERRORS

BY GEORGE KENNAN

This is the third of the series of four Russian stories by Mr. Kennan. "The Checkerboard Square" appeared in The Outlook for January 10; "The Girl in No. 59" in The Outlook of January 17; the fourth story, to appear later, is entitled "A Sacrilegious Fox Hunt." Other stories and articles by Mr. Kennan have been arranged for and will in due time be announced.—THE EDITORS.

THE young Russian Jew Leon Khairánski was in trouble. When the "underground" office of his revolutionary newspaper, "The Free Word," was discovered and raided by the St. Petersburg police, in June, 1879, he happened by a fortunate chance to be absent, and so escaped arrest; but he was forced to go into hiding, and after living a precarious existence for two weeks or more in the houses of his friends, changing his sleeping quarters almost every night, he determined to seek safety abroad. Getting out of Russia, however, is sometimes quite as difficult as getting in. Nobody can leave the Empire without presenting his passport and getting written permission from the authorities, and this Khairánski dared not attempt, for the reason that the passport on which he was living was forged, and he had changed his name to correspond with it. He might as well give himself up to the police at once as go to the Foreign Office with forged documents and ask permission to leave the Empire. In this emergency he thought of his friend Isaac Gordón—also a Jew—who was a clerk in one of the city banks.[1] Isaac was a man of about his own age, and of the same racial type. He was not connected in any way with the revolutionary movement; had never been suspected of "political untrustworthiness;" and was in every sense of the words a "safe" man.

"If I can only borrow his passport for a few days," thought Khairánski, "I can get out of the Empire on it without the least difficulty. His reputation is good, and he might naturally enough be going to Germany on the business of his bank."

THE LOST PASSPORT

Acting promptly on this happy thought, Khairánski made his way that night to the rooms of Isaac Gordón, who was then living in an apartment-house on the Voznesénski Prospékt. He found his friend sitting at an open window, smoking a cigarette and listening to the faint music of an orchestra playing in a popular summer resort on the Fontanka.

"Well! This is a surprise!" exclaimed Gordón in a cordial tone as Khairánski entered the room. "Where have you been for the last month? I'd about given you up for lost. I saw by the papers that the police had raided your newspaper office, and I didn't know but they'd put you in a 'stone bag.'[1] Draw up a chair, take a cigarette, and account for yourself."

Khairánski had dreaded to propose the passport scheme, partly because he knew that Gordón did not approve of the revolutionary movement in the extreme form which it was then taking, and partly because the request that he had to make was one which involved the risk of serious consequences. Encouraged, however, by his friend's cordial greeting, he said:

"I'm not in a 'stone bag' yet, but I'm likely to be, if somebody doesn't come to the rescue. I haven't been to see you lately because I'm *ne legálni* [an illegal person] and I didn't want to compromise you by coming to your apartment. You think, perhaps, that you know me, but you don't. Permit me to introduce myself—Ivan Bezpasspórtni [John Passportless], formerly editor of 'The Free Word' and now a fugitive from justice."

"What's happened?" asked Gordón, seriously.

"Nothing yet," replied Khairánski; "but something's going to happen as soon as the police find out where I am. I've been dodging from house to house, at night, for the last two weeks, sleeping by turns in all the 'conspirative' quarters that I know. I'm about at the end of my rope, and I've come

[1] There is a well-known Jewish family in Russia which bears the Scotch name of Gordón (accented on the second syllable). One of the most distinguished members of it was the poet and novelist Leon Gordón, originally Judah Loeb Ben Asher, who was born in Wilna in 1831, but who finally went to reside in St. Petersburg.

[1] A descriptive term invented by the Russian peasants to designate the *oubliettes* in the castle of Schlusselburg. It was afterward applied to any cell or dungeon in a fortress.

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to you to ask if you'll lend me your passport, and let me use your name, until I can escape into Germany."

The expression of gravity in Gordón's face deepened. Laying down his cigarette, he closed the window softly, lowered the transom over the door, and then, returning to his seat, looked searchingly at his friend and inquired in a low tone, "Have you become a terrorist?"

"No," replied Khairánski. "Before God, I haven't! I'm not guilty of any crime except editing a revolutionary newspaper. But that's serious enough in these days—it means penal servitude if I'm arrested."

Gordón seemed to reflect.

"What am I to do without a passport, if I lend you mine?" he inquired.

"It will only be for a few days," pleaded Khairánski. "I'll send it back to you by registered post from Berlin. You're not under suspicion; your mail will not be opened; and there isn't one chance in a hundred that you'll need your passport before I return it to you."

Gordón lighted another cigarette and meditated.

"Suppose that you're recognized by one of the secret detectives at the frontier and arrested with my passport in your possession? That may mean a term of fortress imprisonment for me."

"It isn't possible!" said Khairánski. "I'm not known by sight to the police in St. Petersburg, still less to the detectives at the frontier. Your height, features, eyes, and complexion correspond in a general way with mine. We don't look alike, but we should be described in about the same words. Your passport will fit me perfectly; but if worst comes to worst and I'm arrested, I'll swear that I stole your passport while you were away from your rooms."

Gordón shook his head.

"I'm afraid that story wouldn't go," he said. "No man, in these days, leaves his passport around where it can be stolen."

"But no question will ever be raised," said Khairánski, eagerly. "The document will be in perfect order. You'll have permission to leave the Empire, and I'll go in your place; that's all. There won't be the least excuse for raising the question of personal identity at the frontier. I'll get out without a single inquiry."

Again there was an interval of silence.

"All right!" said Gordón at last. "It's a risk, but for old friendship's sake I'll take it. But you'd better stay with me for a day or two, and let the passport go to the authorities from my apartment. You're fairly safe here, and when the permit comes — *s' Bokhem!*" (Go, with God!)

Three days later, Leon Khairánski, with Isaac Gordón's passport and a permit to go abroad in his pocket, took the night express for Berlin.

After he had gone Gordón felt increasing anxiety with regard to the possible consequences of the irrevocable step that he had taken. He was not afraid of being called on to produce his passport while it was out of his possession; but he did fear that Khairánski would be arrested or suspected by the frontier police, and that an inquiry would be made by telegraph with regard to the authenticity or ownership of his papers. The revolutionary movement had already taken a terroristic form; the police were following up every clue which could possibly lead to the discovery and identification of conspirators; and mass arrests, on general suspicion, were being made almost every night in the "politically untrustworthy" class. Jews, in particular, were the objects of strict surveillance, because they had taken an active part in the revolutionary movement from the very beginning. On racial grounds alone, Khairánski might be suspected and detained at the frontier, because his passport stated explicitly that he was a Jew.

The more Gordón thought of these things, the more apprehensive he became; and in reflecting upon the course that it would be safest to pursue he finally decided to pretend that he had lost his passport, and that Khairánski, after finding and advertising it, had been overcome by the temptation to use it as a means of escaping from police pursuit. In order to prearrange evidence that would support this story, he went to the office of the newspaper "Gólos" on the very night of Khairánski's departure, and left there for publication the following advertisement:

PASSPORT

Found in the street, a lost passport, in the name of Gordón. The owner can obtain it by calling and identifying it at the apartment of Khairánski, Little Garden Street, No. 62.

Unfortunately, Gordón could not remember with certainty the number of the house where Khairánski had lived. He thought it was "62," but he was not sure. A mistake, however, could not matter much, because nobody would ever go to claim the passport,

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and if there should be occasion to use the advertisement as a proof of the fixed-up story, it would be easy to explain the wrong number as a clerical or typographical error.[1]

Fear, however, is a bad counselor; and when Gordón through apprehension advertised as "found" a passport that had never been lost, he committed a serious error. Then, when he located Khairánski's apartment at Little Garden Street, 62 (instead of 26, which was the right number), he made a bad matter worse, and prepared the way for extraordinary and surprising consequences.

Under the system of "preventive censorship," which was then in force in Russia, the contents of newspapers were submitted to two different sets of officials. Reading matter of all kinds went to the censor proper, who modified, red-penciled, or prohibited such articles as seemed likely to have a "pernicious tendency" or to endanger the safety of the State by "exciting the public mind." Advertisements, on the other hand, were sent to the police, who had full power of supervision and control.

When the proof-sheets of the "Gólos" reached the central police station, on the night of Khairánski's departure from St. Petersburg, they were distributed among a number of subordinate officials for examination. Advertisements of merchandise were only casually glanced at; but particular attention was given to notices of books and theatrical performances, as well as to "Wants," "Lost," "Found," "Funerals," and announcements of lectures and meetings. When the short-haired, shabbily uniformed officer to whom the sheet containing Gordón's advertisement had been given handed it in at the desk, the chief inquired, curtly, "Well, anything in it?"

"Nothing of importance, sir, unless there's an advertisement of a passport found. It may be of no consequence, but it's a little queer. Passports are not often lost in these days."

The chief took the slip and glanced at Gordón's advertisement.

"They're both Jewish names," he said. "Better look it up. No Jew ever lost a passport. Send a man to 62 Little Garden Street to inquire. Tell him to examine the passport carefully, and get the full name, number, date, and place of issue."

"*Slooshioo S'*" (I obey), replied the officer.

Half an hour later the second officer returned and reported: "No such man there, sir. I routed out the *dvornik* [janitor] and half a dozen of the lodgers. They all say that no Khairánski ever lived there."

The chief reflected a moment, and then said: "There's something about it that isn't clean. Find out where Gordón and Khairánski live and arrest them both at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"There's probably more than one man of each name," suggested the officer, respectfully. "We don't know which of them are implicated."

"Well," said the chief, impatiently, "arrest them all. There can't be more than a dozen of them. We ought to get something out of a lot of sheenies like that. Have them taken, with all persons found in their rooms, to the Litovski Zamok, and lock them up in one of the large *kameras;* we'll sift them later."

"*Slooshioo S'*," said the officer, with a bow.

THE FUEL CARTRIDGE

When Alexander Gordon, traveling salesman for the Fuel Cartridge Company of Indianapolis, finished his trip through Iowa and Minnesota, he had every reason to be satisfied with the results of his work. He had been showing and selling a newly invented appliance for the safe and expeditious kindling of fires in kitchen stoves. Accidents due to the pouring of kerosene from half-empty cans upon slowly burning wood had suggested to a thoughtful Hoosier the use of an asbestos cylinder, half as large as a rolling-pin, which could be saturated with the petroleum, placed just inside the front damper, and set on fire. Experiment proved that the flame from it would ignite the most incombustible wood, and that the use of it would reduce the danger of accidental explosion to nil. A company had been formed to manufacture the device, under the name of "the fuel cartridge," and salesmen had been sent into the field to introduce it.

Gordon had been showing samples and establishing agencies in Minnesota, and had met with gratifying success. When he returned to St. Paul, after a week's campaign in the country, he found awaiting him a telegram from his company directing him to "report in Indianapolis immediately for foreign service." He took the night express for Chicago, and at three o'clock on the following afternoon presented himself at the

[1] No directories were published at that time in Russian cities. A person's address could be ascertained only through written application at a municipal address bureau.

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home office. The managing director received him cordially and said, "We've sent Atkinson to take your place in the Northwest, and we want you go to Russia. The climate there is cold, the winters are long, most of the people burn wood, and petroleum from the Baku wells is cheap. A fuel cartridge is needed in practically every house. We want you to go to St. Petersburg and organize the business. How does it strike you?"

"It suits me," said Gordon, briefly. "When do you want me to start?"

"The sooner the better," replied the manager. "I'll have samples, circulars, and a letter of credit here for you to-morrow. Suppose you go to Washington for your passport and sail on Saturday's steamer?"

"All right," said Gordon. "I'm on."

"You'll have to be careful and prudent," said the manager. "There's a good deal of political disturbance in Russia just now, and it's a despotic Government. Don't get mixed up with the Nihilists, and don't have any dealings with the officials if you can help it. They're said to be very arbitrary."

"From what I know of Russian officials," said Gordon, judicially, "they're cocky because everybody knuckles down to them. The people have all been serfs and they're as meek and submissive as sheep. I saw a lot of them in Minnesota last week—'spirit wrestlers,' they called themselves[1]—but they didn't have spirit enough to wrestle with a June bug. You could walk all over them. Anybody could put up a front with such people as that. If the Russian officials heard a little straight American talk occasionally, they wouldn't be so cocky."

"I've no doubt you could give them the straight talk all right," said the manager with an amused smile, "but don't do it; keep away from them; it'll be safer."

On the following day Gordon started for Washington; obtained there a passport from the State Department, and sailed from New York Saturday morning for Liverpool.

Two weeks later, from the deck of a Wilson Line steamer in the Gulf of Finland, the representative of the Fuel Cartridge Company caught his first glimpse of St. Petersburg—a huge, shining dome and a four-hundred-foot lance of gold rising above the dark-green forests at the mouth of the Neva. When the customs officers and gendarmes came on board, he had his first experience of Russian methods. His passport was stamped and returned to him without question, and his samples, which he had slipped into the legs of trousers at the bottom of his trunk, were not discovered; but the gendarmes took away from him a dozen or more personal and business letters, three or four English and American magazines, and a single book—Dixon's "Free Russia"—which he had bought in London. The officers explained their seizure of these things by saying that they had no time then to give them careful examination; but they assured the owner politely that he could recover his property by calling for it in person at the central police office.

If Gordon's correspondence had not been seized, he might not have thought it worth while to reclaim the book and magazines; but among the letters taken were three from his best girl which he had carelessly left in his suit-case when he changed his cap and seagoing reefer for "shore clothes." Leaving those letters to be read, re-read, and commented upon by a lot of police clerks was intolerable. The very thought of it exasperated him, and when, accompanied by a courier interpreter, he left the Hotel d'Angleterre for the police station, he was in a very irritable state of mind. The reception given him when he entered what seemed to be the main room of the station did not tend to restore his equanimity. Nobody at first paid any attention to him; but when he approached a large desk, over which hung a colored lithograph or oil painting of the Emperor, the uniformed official who was sitting thereat looked him over with a scowl and said, sternly, "Take off your overcoat!"

The courier whispered to Gordon in English: "It's the custom, you know. I forgot to tell you. There's an *ikon* [a picture of the Virgin and child] and a portrait of his Majesty in the room, and it isn't thought respectful to wear overcoats."

Gordon controlled himself with an effort, took off his overcoat, and threw it over one arm.

"Go out in the entry with your overcoat!" said the unappeased official, savagely. "This is no place for overcoats."

The courier softened the command in translation, and said, in a frightened whisper, "I'll take out the coat;" but Gordon had understood the official's tone, if not his words, and he became forthwith a slumbering volcano of suppressed wrath.

When the courier returned, after depositing

[1] The Dukhobors.

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the offending garment in the entry, the official inquired, with a slight relaxation of severity, "*Shto vam oogodno?*" (What is it you wish?)

"I want the books and letters that the gendarmes took away from me on the steamer yesterday," said Gordon, regarding the official with the fixed, menacing stare of a prize-fighter.

"What is your name?"

"Alexander Gordon."

The official turned to a clerk and said, "Find his things."

In a moment they were brought. The letters were intact; but "Free Russia" had apparently been mutilated, and several articles, as well as all the advertising pages, had been torn out of the magazines. When the *disjecta membra* were put into Gordon's hands, he looked them over with assumed coolness, and then, wishing to be as offensive as possible, said to the courier: "Tell him that I presume he has had the front and back pages of the magazines torn out because they contained advertisements of Ivory Soap. From the observations I've made since I came into the Empire, and from what I see here, I judge that soap is a prohibited article."

The terrified courier did not dare to put these insulting words into Russian, but the English-speaking clerk who had censored the magazines and brought them to the desk immediately translated them. The face of the official darkened with anger, and, turning to the English-speaking clerk, he said, "Bring me the man's passport and the parts that you cut out of the magazines."

When they were brought, he looked them through, and then, addressing the American, said, "You bear a Jewish name; are you a Jew?"

"Do I look like a Jew?" demanded Gordon, hotly. "Of course I'm not a Jew! A Jew is just as good, though, as any other man. I'd a good deal rather be a Jew than a Russian cop."

"There are plenty of Jews in your country," said the official, "and if I were sure that you are one I'd put you into a criminal gang and send you to the frontier by *étape*. Did you know that one of your magazines contained a poem entitled 'Tyrannicide'?"

"I didn't know it," replied Gordon; "but it's likely enough. What of it?"

"It's a direct incitement to Czar murder, and the possession of such literature in Russia is a penal offense. You've seen fit to insult one of his Majesty's officers in the performance of his duty, and I'll show you that you can't do it with impunity." "Take him to the lock-up," he ordered, turning to two policemen who were standing near.

Gordon by this time was in a suffocating rage. He felt an almost irresistible impulse to start what an American collegian would call a "rough-house" by assaulting the red-faced official who dared to send a free American citizen to the lock-up; but he had not wholly lost his reason, and, choking down his wrath, he allowed himself to be escorted by the two officers to a temporary detention cell in another part of the building. There he spent the rest of the day and the night.

When, on the following morning, he was set at liberty, he returned to the Hotel d'Angleterre, fortified and cheered himself with a good breakfast and a cigar, and then, feeling somewhat encouraged, put a fuel cartridge and two or three descriptive circulars in his pocket, and went to see some Russian hardware dealers whom he hoped to interest in his invention. On his way down the Nevski he had occasion to use his handkerchief, and in taking it from his pocket he accidentally pulled out also his business circulars, which dropped unnoticed to the sidewalk. If these circulars had contained only the English descriptive text, they probably would not have attracted attention; but they were embellished, unfortunately, with a picture of the fuel cartridge in operation; and the flames issuing from the cylinder inevitably suggested, to any Russian mind, an exploding bomb. Inasmuch as bombs were then becoming the favorite weapons of the Nihilists, the peasant who happened to pick up the circulars thought it his duty to hand them to the nearest policeman.

When, a little later, Gordon returned to his hotel, the proprietor, who was a German, met him at the outer door and said in an excited whisper, "The police are in your room." He apparently expected his guest to rush for a *droshky* and make his escape; but Gordon, conscious of innocence, said merely, "The police be damned!" and walked quietly upstairs to his apartment. But he little expected to see what he did see when he opened his door. There were four police officers in the room, all armed with sabers and revolvers. His trunk had been forced open, and its contents had been taken out and strewn in wild confusion over the floor. The single fuel cartridge that he had left in

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one of his trousers legs had been found, and had been prudently placed in a washbasinful of water. Before he had time to realize what it all meant, two of the officers sprang upon him and seized him by the wrists, while the other two drew their revolvers, as if in expectation of desperate resistance. A rapid search of his person brought to light another fuel cartridge, which was placed in the basinful of water beside the other.

"You are under arrest," said the officer who seemed to be in command. "You'll find it safer not to resist."

But Gordon was so dazed that he did not even think of resistance.

"Take him to the Litovski Zamok," said the same officer. "Put him in a solitary confinement cell and see that he doesn't communicate with anybody."

In two or three minutes Gordon found himself in a closed carriage with a police officer on each side of him, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was incarcerated in a seven-by-nine cell in the Litovski Zamok, where, after his money, letter of credit, and personal papers had been taken away from him, he was finally left alone. In the three days of solitary confinement that followed he had ample time to put facts together, draw inferences, and reflect upon the vicissitudes of the fuel cartridge business. The Russian authorities, meanwhile, investigated the bombs. The pyrotechnic expert to whom they were submitted allowed them to soak forty-eight hours in a pan of water. He then ventured to dissect them, and found, to his surprise, that they contained nothing but asbestos, and that it would have been impossible either to explode them or to burn them. The chief of police, in the meantime, had had a translation made of the descriptive circular, and as soon as he received a report from the expert stating that the cylinders were, and always had been, harmless, he ordered the prisoner's release.

When Gordon returned to the Hotel d'Angleterre, the proprietor welcomed him with joy. "I knew it would be all right," said the sympathetic German. "These Russian police are stupid. They imagine they see an elephant when it's only a mouse."

"I'm no mouse," said Gordon, gloomily, "but I think I've had enough of this country. I'm going back to London to-morrow."

But how can any mortal know what is in the lap of the gods?

While the representative of the Fuel Cartridge Company was packing his trunk that evening, a compositor in the office of the "Gólos" was setting up the advertisement of the "lost" passport, and just as Gordon was falling asleep the chief of police was issuing an order for a round-up of Jews.

Gordon rose late on the following morning and had tea and rolls in his apartment. He then went downstairs, and had just lighted a cigar and taken up a copy of the London "Times" in the reading-room when the proprietor came to him with a policeman and said, "You are wanted again."

"What's the matter now?" demanded the incensed American. "Can't I keep out of jail one whole day?"

"I don't know," replied the landlord. "The officer says you are to go with him. Perhaps they want to ask you something more about the bombs."

"Damn the bombs!" said Gordon, fervently. "But I don't wonder the people in this country use them. If I'm not back before Saturday, send my trunk by the Wilson Line steamer to Brown, Shipley & Co., London, and cable the Fuel Cartridge Company, Indianapolis, U. S. A., that I'm in jail."

Again the prisoner was taken to the Litovski Zamok. This time, however, he was not shut up in a solitary-confinement cell, but was conducted to a large *kamera*, twenty or thirty feet square, from which, as he approached, he could hear a babel of commingled voices. When the door was thrown open, he entered what seemed to be a ward in a lunatic asylum. The *kamera* was crowded with men—all apparently Jews—who were shouting, gesticulating, protesting, inquiring, and arguing, in a perfect frenzy of excitement. As Gordon did not understand a word of Russian, he found it impossible to get any explanation of this prison mass-meeting of jabbering, gesticulating Hebrews, or of his own personal relation to it. It seemed to him like a wild, Old Testament nightmare. At last he found among the prisoners the treasurer of a Jewish benevolent society who spoke English. From him he demanded, "What's the row? Who are all these people?"

"The police have made a raid on the Gordón and Khairánski families," said the young Jew, excitedly, "and nobody knows why. There are five Gordóns and six Khairánskis here already."

"Which are you?" inquired Alexander with sympathetic interest.

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"I'm a Gordón," replied the young Jew.

"Then the Lord have mercy on your soul!" said Alexander, solemnly. "I'm a Gordon myself, from America, and I've been in jail three times this week. What'll happen to a Russian Gordon is beyond imagination!"

In further conversation Alexander learned that there were present not only eleven Gordóns and Khairánskis, but ten or twelve Jews of other names, who had happened to be in the Gordón and Khairánski apartments when the arrests were made. They, too, were gathered in, and among them were four or five needy students in the university, who had merely called at the treasurer's house to receive the quarterly stipends which were due them from the benevolent society's fund. There the police had happened to find them, and had taken them into custody as "associates" and "frequenters."

In course of time the excitement quieted down, and early in the afternoon the chief of police began to separate the sheep from the goats by the process which he called "sifting." One after another the Jews were interrogated and taken away separately for further examination, and the *kamera* gradually emptied. When Alexander Gordon's turn came, he was taken to the prison office. There he found the English-speaking clerk from the central police station, who said to him: "His Excellency directs me to inform you that your passport and a permit to leave the Empire have been sent to your hotel. He suggests that you make immediate use of them both."

Gordon took the night express for Berlin that evening, and as soon as he reached London he sent to his employers the following cable:

Fuel Cartridge Co.,
Indianapolis:

They jail a man in Russia if he mentions soap, if he sells fuel cartridges, or if his name is Gordon. Am coming home.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator is about to report the lamentable demise of a lifelong ambition. He would have liked to be a real naturalist. The heroes of his childhood were little Hugh Miller and little Samuel Smiles, and if garter-snakes housed in his pockets would have made him like those scientific urchins, a notable naturalist he would have grown. He never could let the neighboring fauna alone. Even now he is forever investigating the beds of brooks or rolling over ancient logs to see what crawls beneath. At the shore every low tide finds him prowling the wet, shining sands, hauling out horseshoe crabs by their pokerish tails and prying into their obscure psychological processes, or pottering about salt pools among the rocks, tricking barnacles into opening out their fringes to rumors of false tides, dislodging periwinkles, retrieving limp starfish and spiny sea-urchins, earnestly desiring of them their reasons for being. A bit of a botanist, a bit of a birdist, a devoted wonderer in the wild zoo of woods and shore, he has to admit that in all these years he has accomplished not the least of scientific discoveries. Nature turns to him so enigmatic, albeit so alluring, a face. Her lover he will be while life endures. Her master? He formally resigns his presumptuous pretensions.

Is it altogether strange, then, that he grows a thought skeptical of much that passes for the kenned lore of the naturalist? That he finds it hard to credit that other men have lightly picked the lock of nature's safe, rifling the secrets so close hid from himself? An unworthy skepticism! He rates himself for it. All the same, among the scores of wild things he has rigidly interrogated not one has ever unbosomed itself to *him!* He may be forgiven for desiring a word with any man who says he is the confidant of the horseshoe crab, having nosed out the family history, race habits, and personal temperament that travel under that noncommittal dome of shell!

With so much clue to the Spectator's mood, the reader may fancy the spasms of doubt that shook him when, the other day, at the American Museum of Natural History, he chanced to stroll into Dinosaur Hall. It was not the vast shapes of prehistoric bone—he is broken to those—but those "restorations" showing the dry bones come to life, Diplodocus and his nightmarish friends done in plas-

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ter, feeding, even fighting, as natural as you please, amid landscapes of prehistoric strangeness. Faced down himself by the baffling mystery of the wild life under his living nose, the Spectator stood confronted with the work of men hardy enough to interpret life that passed from the earth millions of years before they saw the light! Before he stopped to think, the Spectator was off, hot-foot, for the seats of the mighty in certain museum fastnesses upstairs.

The curator of vertebrate palæontology met his heated protests with an air of courteous tolerance. "The skeletons are all very well," the Spectator was sputtering; "but, man to man, aren't you scientists drawing a long bow when you foist on us this prehistoric zoo, with improbable beasts in hide and hair and facial expressions, pursuing imaginary avocations, when all you have to go on is a handful of old bones?" "Handful? Say a car-load," interposed Dr. Matthew, smiling. "Really, you know, you do us too much honor. We palæontologists are not such inspired guessers as the public seems to think. I grant you that, when data were scantier, palæontologists did make mighty draughts on their imagination, with highly humorous results. Times have changed. We are canny fellows now. We don't like to go far beyond the briefs nature has left for us in the rocks. We have not forgotten how once the hip bone of a dinosaur got mounted as a shoulder-blade, nor how another Terrible Lizard got stuck together with its silly head on the tip of its tail. So far as beauty went, it didn't so much matter; but perfect skeletons turned up later to put these monstrosities to confusion. So now we are cautious. When an unknown creature's remains come to light, we want representatives of from two-thirds to three-quarters of all the bones in fair condition before we commit ourselves."

Rather ungenerously, perhaps, the Spectator broke in to inquire for certain plaster images of Megalosaurus he remembered as decorating Central Park when he was young. "Whatever became of those?" The curator smiled a queer little smile. "Smashed," he said, "by a Mayor of New York City whose religious scruples wouldn't permit him to tolerate those plaster demonstrations of the theory of evolution. Science is beholden to that Mayor. For, as I see you already know, that Megalosaurus concocted by Waterhouse Hawkins on the authority of Professer Owen wasn't fitted to bear the fierce white light that beats upon a scientific discovery. It went on all fours. And as Megalosaurus remains more or less intact continued to be unearthed, it became embarrassingly clear that the creature preferred to stand erect; in fact, that his short forelimbs were utterly unequal to bearing his enormous weight. So palæontology was well rid of Hawkins's incriminating statues. But come into the laboratories and see how we work nowadays."

Here he swung open a door upon the ordered bony clutter of the most singular workshop it was ever the Spectator's luck to see. Colossal vertebræ and fierce-jawed mighty skulls sprawled ungainly down the length of counters and shelves. At small tables expert preparators chipped or smoothed away at rock-bound specimens. At the Spectator's elbow glowered the formidable frontispiece of a great horned dinosaur—the kind whose skull frills out over his neck in a ponderous ruff of bone. Two months of infinitely delicate labor had freed this almost perfect skull from its matrix of rock, and, but for a little final smoothing of plaster patches replacing missing fragments, it was ready to leave the laboratory.

Dr. Matthew called attention to the obvious nature of the patches, which, though tinted to harmonize with the color of the fossil, remained distinguishable to the most incurious eye. "We don't conceal our handiwork nowadays," he remarked. "As you go through the Museum you can see for yourself precisely how much belongs to nature and how much to the laboratory." He drew his visitor to a second table, where a second dinosaur skull was being chipped out of the rock. It was more like fine dentistry than stone-cutting. The tool the preparator used was little more than a heavy needle. Earlier in the game he did not hesitate to use an awl; now he was close to the brittle surface of the bone and dared no more than peck away the rock. Too heavy and too friable to bear handling without support, when a fossil is cleared on one side it must be turned over into a bed of soft plaster while the reverse is chipped. The Spectator marveled at the nerve of the man who could thus calmly tinker away at irreplaceable breakables on which the eyes of the whole scientific world are riveted! They told the Spectator that thirty

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days would be a fair time for preparing one huge vertebra from the backbone of a diplodocus weighing finished something like one hundred and twenty pounds. Strange courage of the dogged, patient scientist whose curious eye peers into the dead secrets of ages gone!

When picture puzzles were the rage, the Spectator sat up nights with the best of the maniacs, delighting in featureless backgrounds and the tiniest of jig-saw bits. But he stood almost in awe, watching a preparator making a dinosaur out of thousands of fossil scraps. On a table before him were spread row after row of splintered fragments—crushed bones, ribs, of an utterly unknown fossil beast. From these he proposed to piece out coherent, intelligible members of the creature's bony frame. Steadily, without haste, he tries this bit of bone with that, passes it on and tries another. Some time—it may be days, it may be hours—two edges will lock. Cementing these together, he resumes the endless puzzle, till gradually from barrels of fragments is built up a meaningful shape.

The Spectator inspected specimens fresh from the field, each splinted and bandaged in canvas stiffened with plaster of paris to bind safely the last shattered bit. He gave his full meed of admiration to a man who was modeling in clay a nice curve for a dinosaur's backbone. As much loving care is spent on posing these unprepossessing skeletons as a sculptor expends on his Niobe or his Ariadne. Not only historic probability but lifelike, even dramatic, effects are aimed at, and, as any visitor to the gallery will testify, almost too well achieved. There's that terrific group representing a fierce skeleton Allosaurus tearing brutally at the carcass of a huge Brontosaurus—a thing to haunt one in dreams! The Spectator bethought him to demand by what right an innocent dinosaur, turned to stone millions of years ago, is thus made to figure before a remote posterity in a murdering light. "I suppose," he remarked, caustically, "you didn't catch him in the act?"

For answer, Dr. Matthew led him straight down to Dinosaur Hall, where he demonstrated a few things. Directing the layman's eyes to one of the vertebræ of the prostrate victim Allosaurus is tearing, he pointed out certain breaks and scratches in the bone—the marks of terrible teeth. When that victim was found, in the rock alongside were broken teeth from the jaw of a flesh-eating dinosaur. The long-range detectives of the laboratory matched those teeth with the tooth-marks on the backbone of Brontosaurus. The case was complete. "Of course," said the curator, "we're not incriminating this particular Allosaurus, but the group is not so far-fetched." And then, taking the Spectator more seriously than he deserved, he turned to the "restoration" of prehistoric beasts. Fantastic as they look, Dr. Matthew evidently puts faith in those plaster dinosaurs. Given a fossil skeleton and a man whose life has been devoted to the study of relations of muscle and bone in known forms of life, and the muscle sheath he will reason out will be pretty logical. Color, unfortunately, he can tell nothing about; nor of facial expression, texture of skin or scale, has he anything like the indications he could wish. The very most salient point in an animal's appearance may be some perishable appendage like a cock's comb or a turkey's wattles, of which the rocks leave no record; so the reconstructionist may occasionally give us a thing as true to nature as a fox without ears. But these accidents don't vitiate the whole calculation.

Under the spell of the curator's faith the Spectator found himself feeling Triceratops and Hesperornis almost as real entities as Rameses II or Alexander the Great. He began to see how the palæontologist projects his imagination backward into the age of the Terrible Lizards as truly as we laymen project ours into the times of Samuel Johnson or Edmund Spenser. He began to understand the consuming thirst for knowledge of the whole mighty story of life, the desire to prove its orderly progression through vast periods of geologic time. One thing in the great museum carried him, layman though he was, back across the ages into the Jurassic. It was the single dinosaur mummy, Trachedon—not a beautiful object, its helpless duck-billed head doubled back under its shrunken, clumsy body. Yet here it is, not bones alone, but the actual dried body wrapped in its own curious tesselated skin. Dried on a sand-bank under the rays of a scorching sun, the creature must have been submerged by some sudden flood, and so quickly and deeply embedded in soft mud that not even the skin had time to decay. So here it is—a thing that lived æons before the flood!

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BY THE WAY

San Francisco, San Diego, and Seattle are vying with one another as to harbor improvements for accommodating Panama Canal traffic. San Francisco has spent nearly $1,000,000 on two piers alone and is building twelve additional wharves, San Diego is "making a roadstead excelled by few other ports in the world," and Seattle is to make improvements that will give her 13½ miles of dock frontage in 1915.

The "Progressive Farmer" publishes a picture of Mr. J. L. Duckworth, of Walhalla, South Carolina, of his house and family (wife and three children), and of his mule. The mule and his master (with some aid from the wife and two of the children) raised last year 10 bales of cotton, 225 bushels of corn, 100 bushels of oats, 100 bushels of sweet potatoes, 20 bushels of peas, 2,000 bundles of fodder, and 500 pounds of pork. Who can show a better record as a progressive farmer?

Railway employees, contrary to the popular impression, are long-lived, according to the Bureau of Railway News and Statistics. Steam railway employees report only 10.8 deaths per 1,000, compared with 15 for all classes of industries.

The melancholy experience of Boston in its disastrous lodging-house fire a few months ago has been repeated in St. Louis in a fire which cost forty-eight lives. The lesson taught by the fires in these two cities may well be heeded by other places which contain hotels, clubs, or rooming-houses that are fire-traps.

The London "Times" is now to be a penny paper. For many years the "Times" was the aristocrat among English newspapers as regards price; it sold for threepence, and its patronage was select to a degree. It now takes its place as a competitor of the cheaper journals that have in recent times won wide circulation and advertising patronage.

Nathan Straus, it is reported, has succumbed to the attractions of Los Angeles and is to make that city his permanent home. He will carry at least one of his benevolent projects from New York to his new home, for it is announced that he will establish in Los Angeles a central depot for pasteurized milk.

The Russian Minister of the Interior, despatches state, has forbidden public subscriptions to a monument to the late Count Tolstoy because of Tolstoy's opinions about the Government and the Orthodox Church.

"Fifty-three years ago John Wanamaker pushed a cart-load of merchandise up Market Street, Philadelphia," says the New York "Sun." "To-day the delivery system and salespeople of John Wanamaker carry his goods to millions of buyers in all parts of the world." Many telegrams and letters of congratulation were received by Mr. Wanamaker on this anniversary of his entrance into business life. Among personal tributes were those from fifty aged pensioners of the Wanamaker stores, former employees who have been put on the retired list.

Dr. Eben Tourgee, the founder of the New England Conservatory of Music, according to a correspondent of the New York "Sun," was once repulsed by a man whom he had asked for a contribution, with a quotation about the difficulty of "making a whistle out of a pig's tail." The young musician in a few days confronted the objector with a whistle so made, and secured the financial help he needed. This whistle, the correspondent asserts, is now to be seen in the Tourgee collection of musical instruments in Boston.

Little Mary, says the "Working Woman's Journal," wrote a composition on "The Cow." It was brief: "The cow is a very useful animal." Her mother requested her to read it to the minister, which she did, amending it thus to suit the occasion: "The cow is the most useful animal, except religion."

Lovers of Thackeray will rejoice in the unprecedented popularity of their favorite novelist as evinced in a recent sale of Thackerayana. The original manuscript of "The Rose and the Ring," a fairy tale illustrated with drawings by the author, sold for $23,000—the highest price, it is said, ever paid for any modern manuscript.

"Rider and Driver," which confesses that it is "devoted exclusively to the horse," nevertheless contains this tribute to the machine-driven vehicle, apropos of the recent storms: "The motor truck is far from perfect, but the average truck properly equipped with traction-giving devices is immeasurably superior to horse equipment after a great snow-storm, where the hauls are long and the loads heavy."

Marc Pourpe, a French aviator, describes in "Flying" how he flew over the Pyramids in Egypt. "The Pyramids!" he says. "I nearly failed seeing them—they looked like little cones that a child could have let fall from a box of playthings. And the Sphinx? I searched for it. . . . Then I distinguished a vague stony spot on the sand. Evidently it was HE." The capitals are apparently meant to call attention to the common error of ascribing femininity to the Sphinx. The Sphinx is really a statue of Harmachis, the Egyptian god of the morning. This fact was seemingly unknown to Emerson when he wrote his famous lines:

"The Sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled;
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world."

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